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PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE GREAT WAR RELIC.

Respectfully dedicated to my Comrade,
George E. Reed, of Post 58, Dept. Pa., G. A. R.
of Harrisburg, Pa.,



For his Valuable War Relic,
"The Campaign of the Sixth Army Corps," thereby
assisting me to compile this work

VALUABLE AS A CURIOSITY OF THE REBELLION.

*Together with a Sketch of My Life, Service in the Army,
and how I lost my feet since the War,
also, many interesting incidents illustrative of
the Life of a Soldier.*

COMPILED AND SOLD BY

CHAS. L. CUMMINGS,

LATE PRIVATE CO. E., TWENTY EIGHTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

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LATE PRIVATE CO. E, TWENTY-EIGHTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Comrades and friends, who wish a Complete History of the Grand Army of the Republic, by the best authority, Robert B. Beath, Past Commander-in-Chief, should address Bryant, Taylor & Co., 757 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Agents wanted, in every Post.

In Memoriam.

BY MRS. W. W. WALLACE, WATERLOO, IOWA

We gather once more in the silent city,
And press its aisles with a reverent tread,
This day 'neath the folds of our starry banner,
'Tis the nation's good pleasure to honor her dead.

We come to pay homage to loyal devotion,
Rehearsing their valor in story and song,
Bringing our garlands of fragrance and beauty,
For laurels and wreaths to the victor belong.

Ah! they were your kindred, you loved them so fondly,
Your husband, your father, your brother, your son,
We mingle our tears and we share in your glory,
For they were our soldiers, every one.

And sadly we think of the many brave heroes,
With never a tablet, and never a stone,
And this offering of love is our common tribute
To the soldier we know and the soldier unknown.

Through the long bloody struggle, the wearisome marches,
The ceaseless tramp, tramp, of the poor tired feet,
No faltering, no pausing, no rest from the conflict,
But marching and fighting to victory complete.

Famished and foot-sore, they trod the savannahs,
Bearing the tri-colored flag of the free;
And the hill tops resounded to freedom's hosannahs,
As on from Atlanta they marched to the sea.

Ye sons of the valiant, the true and the loyal,
Who stand by the graves of your brave kindred slain,
Kneel! kneel on the green sward, and swear for your country,
These martyrs of liberty died not in vain.

Swear to guard ever this heritage loyal,
Baptized in their blood and bedewed with our tears,
That no traitor shall blot out one star from our banner,
Nor its glory grow dim in the long future years.

We'll cherish and keep this inheritance holy,
While the angel of peace spreads her wings o'er the land,
And our hymns of thanksgiving shall swell like the chorus,
The stars sang together in unison grand.

Then unfurl to the breezes our glorious banner,
Let it wave over mountain and valley and sea,
Fair emblem of liberty, float on forever,
The flag of our soldiers, the flag of the free.

And bring hither flowers, beautiful flowers,
Rarest and fairest that ever were seen,
Royal red roses and pale water lilies,
Mingled with chaplets of loveliest green.

Scatter them tenderly, lay them down reverently,
On the green graves where the dead heroes rest,
They who fought gallantly, they who died willingly,
Freedom's defenders, the bravest and best.

In loving memoriam still we will gather
Where gleams the white marble and blossoms the rose,
Bringing our fair floral tribute to brighten
The nation's valhalla, the soldier's repose.

We leave them at rest on the bosom of nature,
With angels on guard at the shrine of our love,
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
They are now mustered into the army above.

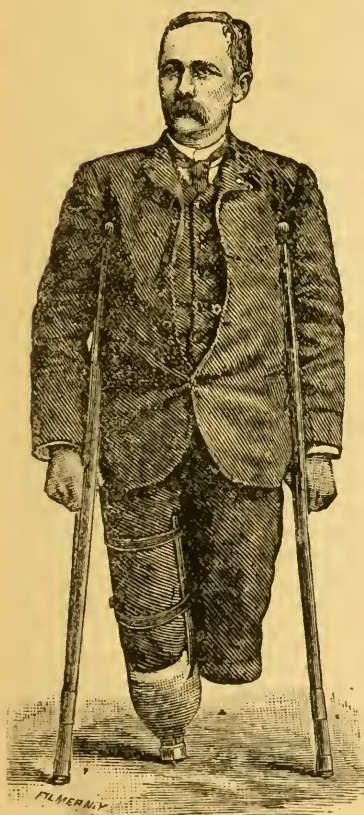
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CHAS. L. CUMMINGS.

A Sketch of his Life, Service in the Army, and how he Lost
His Feet SINCE the Close of the War.



TOGETHER with **Geo. E. Reed's Famous War Relic:** the Campaign of the Sixth Army Corps during the year of 1863, as written by Mr. Reed while a private in Company A, Ninety-fifth Regiment Penn'a Vols., Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Army Corps: also, how he saved the life of his unfortunate comrade, John W. January, by removing both his feet at Florence, S. C., in the month of January, 1865, something unprecedented in the history of warfare, prison life or surgery. **A Historical Sketch of the Grand Army of the Republic,** by Robert B. Beath, Past Commander-in-Chief; and remarkable and humorous incidents of the War.

While yet a boy of sixteen years I volunteered to fight for Uncle Sam. Seven years after I returned to the home of my boyhood at Allegan, Mich., (having put down the Rebellion with the assistance of the balance of the army—the greatest the world had ever seen,) I lost both my feet, the particulars of which appear on the following pages. The first day I was able to walk without my feet I started in business with sixty-five cents. After nearly twelve years' experience in the peddling business I found two good reasons why I must abandon merchandise for something not sold in the stores: the first reason was on account of the exorbitant license forced from me by

municipal authorities—**What for?**—to protect those who had more money than I, and who were otherwise more fortunate; the second was on account of the inquisitive people who wanted to know more about me than I knew myself, and never needed anything I had for sale. And now I have decided to answer all, as it will be found in this book, **and in no other way**, for if the information is worth having it is worth something, **and I can't live on questions**, as they have been fired at me for so many years, and I have added valuable material to the work, so that all who kindly assist me to live in my present condition, get good value for the money invested.

I was born at Adrian, Mich., March 14th, 1848. On or about the 23d of September, 1864, I went to Kalamazoo, Mich., from Allegan, where I had resided several years with my parents. The Twenty-eighth Michigan Infantry was being organized at Kalamazoo. I had found a former friend from Allegan, Al. Esterbrook, he was on guard, and I was walking along the beat with him, carrying an old musket and imagining I was or ought to be a soldier, when I discovered an officer approaching, and when he was a dozen yards away, he said "Here, young man, put that musket where you got it, and if I see—why hello, Charlie, is that you? Why I did not recognize you at first. Why, I heard your mother had died on the 17th; I am sorry for you, my boy. Do you want to enlist? I am raising a company and want all the Allegan boys I can get." This was Captain S. S. Thomas, who I had known for some years at home. I replied my business in Kalamazoo was to enlist, and we went to headquarters and I was enrolled as a private in Company E, Twenty-eighth Michigan Infantry. On the 26th, with others, was sworn in to the United States service for three years. On the 27th of October, the organization of the regiment having been completed, we left the State by railway transportation and arrived in Louisville, Ky., on the 29th, where we went into camp at Camp Nelson, and there we learned to cook coffee, bacon and beans in the most approved soldier fashion. A letter from my former Captain, dated March 31, 1889, furnishes some facts in regard to our life up to March 10, 1865, which enables me to make this article more authentic than it would be if I relied wholly upon my own memory. October 30th, a part of Company D was detached from the regiment and sent as a guard to a drove of cattle being sent to Nashville, Tenn., for General Thomas' army. They got as far as Mumfordsville, Ky., and finding the guerillas too many for them, they sent back for reinforcements, and Company E was selected to perform that duty. When about to leave in light marching order, (for when the officers would say "Left!" the boys would say "Left! left our ponchos and tents, and are darned lucky our overcoats and blankets were not left!") our Captain received orders to proceed to the city prison, and get two guerillas that had been sentenced to be shot, and take them out sixteen miles south east of Mumfordsville, on Johnson's farm, and there execute them. We arrived at Mumfordsville in the night, in the morning it was raining, the prisoners were placed in a wagon and took their last ride on their own coffin; people usually take their last ride in their coffin, and this was the first deviation from the rule that I ever observed. A part of the men were mounted. The Captain says I was in the detail for this occasion, and I know he is quite right, for I feel the rain coming down yet when I think of it, and how glad I was I was not a cavalry soldier, for I was so tired when we returned at night after the execution, I thought I would never want to see a horse again. On the 10th of November, we crossed Green river on a pontoon bridge, swimming the cattle, and took up our line of march for Nashville, along the Louisville and Nashville pike, which was in a terrible state of disrepair, but the adhesiveness of the inevitable red mud made the boys stick to the pike, so called, bad as it was; the rough, sharp, broken lime stone would roll under our feet and cut our shoes, and sometimes our feet; may be we didn't wish we had remained at home, especially when it would rain and sleet, and we would shiver as we never shivered before. With the cold, wet to the skin the most of the time, and our overcoats seemed to weigh a quarter of a ton, and Jeff Thompson with his two hundred guerillas would disturb our peaceful slumbers at night—well, we soon got an inkling of the life of a soldier. At Cave City, the rain poured down in torrents, and some of the rebel sympathizers thought it would be nice to get the boys to drinking whiskey and drug

them, so that it would be an easy matter for Jeff Thompson to capture us and our charge, three hundred head of fat cattle, (any old soldier, who ate any of that beef, will testify it might have been *fat* some months previous to the time of its slaughter,) but our Captain was on to their little game at once, and closed all the stores and saloons and put a guard over them, and the old boys found the Yankees too smart for them again. We left the next morning for Gallatin, Tenn., and our march to that point was still worse, the rain turned into hail, sleet and snow; the weather was bitter cold. At Gallatin we were ordered to Baker's plantation with the cattle, to feed and recruit them, as the army was kicking about so much beef dried with the hide on. Here the snow was eight inches deep, with a hard crust that would bear a man's weight; our overcoats was all we had to protect us from the cold, and a stiff lot of boys would turn out to roll call in the morning; to warm up during the day, skirmishing for sheep, chickens and persimmons. One night our Captain, who boarded with the Bakers, overheard a bit of conversation that made his ears tingle—they, the Bakers, thought the Captain was out, instead of being in his room—he heard them plan to give him a grand reception the following Wednesday night. About 10 o'clock, Jeff Thompson would come and take us by surprise; but Captain Thomas quietly took a walk the next day, and after looking the ground over, decided where Jeff would be most likely to approach us; that was across a creek one-fourth of a mile from the house; he changed the pasture, placing the cattle near the house, and put myself and three more men on guard, commanded by Sergeant Brown, a most reliable man, at the creek ford; all other points were well guarded, and a good reserve remained. The entertainment was somewhat overdone; it was a clear, cold, moonlight night, I was on second relief, from nine to eleven, and hearing a rustling of the bushes, I fired in the direction, and the whole squad fired, and the Captain came down on a double quick to inquire if any assistance was needed, but Sergeant Brown told him, "no," he had men enough to whip the whole force. Jeff and his band retreated, and in the morning the Captain informed the Bakers that the safety of their lives depended on the good behavior of Jeff Thompson and his band, and did not allow any member of the family to leave the house during our stay on the plantation. We left soon after the 1st of December, and marched to a new camp nearer Nashville. While there, one day I was with some boys on an exploring expedition, we met some men engaged in butchering some small hogs, we proposed to buy some livers and pay for them on pay day, they said "there is some lights in the run (creek) good enough for d— Yankees; we were not brought up to eat that kind of rations; and took a walk towards camp, and made a discovery. The next day the planter came to our camp and reported the loss of twenty bee hives and honey, the Captain questioned all the boys closely, searched the camp, found some, so called soft soap, but no honey, then told the poor old farmer all his soldier boys were too well reared at home to molest anything, it must have been some one else, besides the men were all sick; and so they were, honey, bacon and hard tack had made them sick. Early in December we marched to Nashville, turned our cattle over to the quartermaster's department and rejoined our regiment, which had arrived a little ahead of us, with a wagon train from Louisville. The regiment was assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division, (Rugar's) Twenty-third Army Corps, and took an active part in the engagement from the 12th to the 16th of December, to the entire satisfaction of our commanding officers. After the fight, we went into camp near the penitentiary, and guarded the prisoners, who were scantily clothed and nearly starved when captured, but they had fought bravely. On the 25th of December we loaded them on to

several freight trains, and arrived at Louisville, January 1st, 1865, and had a jolly time seeing the sights that New Year's day; I was with a small party, who probably had more fun than any other exploring party from the Twenty-eighth—we visited a bakery and restaurant where we paid \$3 for a fried chicken, \$1.50 each for ham and eggs, then we took a large fancy cake from the window, this we took on the installment plan, and sat on a church step while we ate it, several squares away from where we ate the chicken, ham and eggs, and returned to our headquarters in time for roll call in the evening, and returned to Nashville on the 2d, where we remained until January 11th; doing some fancy drilling in the mud, seeing the sights of the city when off duty, and some fast running to get away from the Eighteenth Michigan, who were doing provost or military police duty. When we left Nashville on board a steamer, we were bound for Eastport, Miss. When we arrived at Paducah, Ky., we were ordered to proceed to Washington, D. C. We remained on the boat until we arrived at Cincinnati, O., here we were disembarked at the foot of Main street, and tried to get warm around some pine wood fires. We marched to the Pan Handle depot, sampled some of the leaf tobacco, and stored ourselves into some palace box cars, where we remained until we arrived at Alexandria, Va., on the 25th.

February 19th, we embarked on board a magnificent transport steamer, to join the forces being organized to capture Wilmington, N. C. We had a jolly rough ride around Cape Hatteras, and arrived off Fort Fisher on the evening of February 23d—a gunboat steamed out of the river, sent a shot across our bows, and our good ship hove too very quickly, the gunboat sent some officers on board, who after carefully examining our papers informed us that Wilmington had been taken just before we arrived. My company was quartered away down in the hold, but I had a peculiar way of my own of not obeying orders sometimes, and managed to stay on deck, where I got plenty of fresh air, and learned what was going on. I never shirked any duty, but off duty would manage to look out for Charley. We were ordered to Beaufort, N. C., where we arrived on the 26th, and from there to Newbern, by railway, and here we found we were a part of quite a little army under the command of J. D. Cox. March 2d, we took up our line of march towards Goldsboro', rebuilding the railroad, building corduroys for the wagons and artillery, and when we were resting we would lift the latter out of the mud. Our marching was mostly done at night, and work all day. I fell off a cypress log one day, into the water nearly up to my neck; a regiment of cavalry were passing on the corduroy, when one called out "hey, web-foot, get onto your bureau and float over — you." I have been gunning for that man ever since. On the 7th of March we halted and had arranged an elegant camp, and was enjoying our rest hugely, but on the morning of the 8th, we heard some cannonading, and there was great activity among the troops when we got orders to strike tents, and as we were forming into line for the march, a battery dashed passed us, the horses on the run, the drivers yelling and trying to swear just a little bit as they thundered along; a batteryman yelled at us "come on, web-foot, come on, there's lots of fun up yonder, come a running you — —." Well, we did run; it was about 9 a. m. As soon as we got into line the order was, "forward, double-quick, march!" the Colonel galloped along the line, "close up, close up." While on the march, some boys had captured a colored boy with an ox hitched to a cart, they loaded the cart with knapsacks for one day, but the next day the ox had vanished, the hungry boys had eaten him, and the cart had furnished the fuel for to cook the carcass. A certain officer had made a bargain with the darkey to carry his baggage, and when we got into the forced

march, as we neared the battle-field, the darkey conscientiously dropped the baggage and took to the swamp; he was heard to say, "for de Lord, Massa, I's a gittin out ob dis." We had to continue our run for two hours, and wound up with a successful charge, capturing several hundred men and some field officers; then we learned that in the morning, General Cox's command had been attacked by the enemy, and about seven hundred men, under the command of Colonel Upham, were captured, and that our brigade, consisting of the One Hundred and Twenty-third, One Hundred and Twenty-ninth and One Hundred and Thirtieth Indiana, and the Twenty-eighth Michigan Infantry regiments, commanded by Col. John McChristian, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Indiana, arrived on the field just in time to prevent the enemy penetrating Cox's lines, between General Palmer and Carter's Divisions. The Twenty-eighth was engaged in heavy skirmishing all that day and the following night. Where Company E was the ground was very wet, and our Captain was quite sick. We would make a bed of brush and rails two feet high, and in a little while it would sink till he would be in the water, and we would build it up again; fortunately we had plenty of rails at hand, but our Captain was knocked out in the double quick on the day previous, still he remained with us until the 10th when he was too weak to sit up, with diarrhoea and fever, and we had to lose our Captain. On the 9th, we were sent to support a battery of the Third New York Light Artillery; the enemy had a battery directly opposite us, and were cutting the trees down, so that it was not near as safe behind those works as it would have been some other place, and we were ordered to charge; Company A got credited with killing their horses. We were ordered to fall back, a boy in my company not returning fast enough to suit the Colonel, he urged him to come on faster and finally said "what are you doing here any how?" The boy had just fired a farewell salute and turning to the Colonel said "why I am putting down this rebellion by — sir." On the 10th they hustled us about considerably; during the night the enemy being partially defeated (and somewhat afraid we were being reinforced, for all night long the bands marched up and down our lines, and everybody was hurrahing for Sherman,) retreated, burning the bridge in their rear, when they crossed the Neuse river. The musketry during the afternoon of the 9th, also the 10th, was most terrific; old veterans said they never experienced heavier (during our charge on the 9th, our Sergeant Major was nearly killed by the concussion of a shell, which passed so close to his head he said it made a fool of him, and I thought it had killed him until I met him at Detroit, Mich., in August, 1888.) While waiting for the engineers to rebuild the bridge, we buried our dead and cared for the wounded. The prisoners we captured, I never knew what was done with them, I heard some say they were glad to be captured to get something to eat; poor fellows, they fought well even if they were nearly starved. Some of the boys said they went over the field and found our line of battle had been near seven miles in length, and in the shape of a horse shoe. Our force was estimated at 15,000, that of the enemy much greater. The command we were in constituted a part of the force concentrating in the vicinity of Wilmington. While resting here I was out foraging and captured a ham, a turkey, and a very good blanket, for I had lost my blanket during one of our charges through the green briars; on my return to camp, I met our Colonel, who said he would have the turkey cooked for me; after I informed him I had lost my chum in the fight, I left the turkey at his headquarters, and in the morning he gave me a liberal share.

March 14th, my seventeenth birthday, we marched to Kingston, but a few miles from the scene of our late conflict; soon as we had feasted on our government and

other rations, our gallant Colonel, W. W. Wheeler, ordered the men to remove the top rails from the fences, which order was obeyed until no rails remained within one mile of our lines, then the boys went to work with pick and shovel and worked faithfully until near midnight, when we were allowed to rest until five a. m. of the 15th, when we had to answer to our names at roll call. Immediately after that, little fires began to twinkle along the line while the stars were fading away, soon the aroma of coffee and bacon suggested creature comforts, and the whole economy of life, behind those magnificent earthworks erected the previous night, was moving as steadily on as if it had never intermitted. Before we had fairly begun to enjoy the pleasure of exploring the surrounding country the drums beat the long roll of assembly. Before the sun had risen very high we had resumed our march, and the reconstruction of the railroad to Goldsboro', where we arrived on the 21st, when the brigade was placed on duty guarding the Atlanta and North Carolina Railroad. We had rebuilt this road from Newbern and brought supplies to this point for Sherman's army. The Twenty-eighth was stationed several miles east of Goldsboro' and given a section of the railroad to patrol. I was stationed at the home of an old man, to act as safe guard for the family. I felt the deepest sympathy for them, as they had two sons who had been pressed into the Confederate army. On the 9th of April we returned to Goldsboro'. While here the Twenty-eighth supported a detachment of the First Michigan mechanics, while they built a bridge across the river that Sherman's army must cross before entering Goldsboro'. The first to arrive were the scouts and foragers, we called them bummers, and I suppose the unfortunate people living or trying to live along their line of march called them many other names. The army soon resumed its march westward. The second and third divisions of the Twenty-third Corps came up from Wilmington, N. C., with Sherman, and the Twenty-third Corps was parked on a plantation, with heavy pine forests on two sides, each regiment was drawn up in line, and the whole corps was massed quite close together, then came the order "Attention to Orders," and the order was read to each regiment, by its commanding officer, that Lee had surrendered. Immediately following this some one set fire to a large tar kiln in the forest, the troops broke ranks, carrying their officers on their shoulders, and shouting themselves hoarse, while many washed the soot off their faces with tears, so great was their joy at the glad tidings. The flames from the tar kiln leaped beyond the tops of the highest trees, while the wind carried the smoke over our heads, making a dense black canopy over this to all appearances demoralized mob of howling demons, but military discipline soon restored order, and we marched away never to behold a sight equal to what we were leaving, and the ever vigilant, creeping, tickling, biting little gray backs bit and crawled up and down our backs with the same energy they did before the surrender. We arrived in Raleigh about the 20th or 21st of April, I say about that date, for I am compelled to write this from memory. We were in Raleigh several days before we were ordered to prepare for a march, and when ready we marched but about two miles to another side of the city, and went into camp near an immense spring, that furnished water for 25,000 men and several thousand horses, and this occurred the day that Johnston surrendered to Sherman. We remained in camp there a while, I don't remember exactly the date we left, yet, during our stay, there was a grand review of the army, nearly all left for Washington soon after the review, but the Twenty-eighth was destined to remain, and received some recruits from the Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Michigan regiments; men who had enlisted in sixty-four for three years in those regiments were transferred to the Twenty-eighth. Early in May we left for the

western part of the State, and halted at Greensboro'. The most of the brigade came with us to this point; one man was ordered i buck and gagged by the Colonel for a trifling infraction of military discipline, some of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Indiana hearing of this, came into our camp, overpowered the guards and cut the man loose; Colonel Wheeler threatened to call out the regiment to fire on the Indiana boys, but after thinking of it concluded to leave the matter rest; 'tis well he did for there would have been mutiny—the two regiments were fast friends. We then marched to Charlotte, Lincolnton and Dallas. We would stop long enough to allow our officers to administer the oath of allegiance to the citizens and appoint officials to enforce the laws, while the boys would explore every wood, ravine, hill, field, and all the old mines. They soon learned how much corn or cotton grew to the acre, where all the green corn, fruit and other delicacies were located, the names of the native girls, while some fell in love and married those bright eyed southern maidens. While at Lincolnton the weather became very hot, and some of the boys suffered greatly with the heat, one man in my company, Jno. B. Draper, was sun struck while on guard in front of the Colonel's headquarters on the 20th or 21st of June. A man belonging to another company had his leg broken by a falling timber while the boys were building bowers over their tents to keep the sun off.

In September, '65, Company E went to Raleigh to do guard duty at Department Headquarters, T. H. Ruger in command or military Governor of North and South Carolina. I was finally detailed to drive General Ruger's carriage. General Grant came to Raleigh in 1866 several times, and I took him from the depot to his hotel or other parts of the city, while acting as orderly for General Ruger. The balance of the regiment had been doing duty at Goldsboro' and other points in the State, while Company E was at Raleigh. June 6th, 1866, we left Raleigh, and when we arrived in Detroit, Michigan, were finally mustered out of service. The ladies of Detroit gave us a splendid dinner, after which the boys left for their respective homes. When I arrived at Allegan, I found I had made a great mistake by going into the army, for while in the service of my country I contracted chronic diarrhoea and have never fully recovered from it; I had missed my chance to acquire an education, and the other boys had secured the good situations and there was nothing left me but the rough work which I was not fit for, all on account of having been too patriotic. I secured a situation as an apprentice to learn the machinist trade, but took sick and lost my situation, and many more good opportunities passed me on account of the same reason as given above, until at last seeing no other chance to earn a living I ventured on the railroad. First on the Grand Rapids and Indiana, then to the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroad, North Missouri, Chicago, North Western, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. In August, 1873, I left the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and went on the Toledo and Wabash as a brakeman on freight, from Ft. Wayne to Lafayette, Ind. I had been in very good health for nearly a year, and weighed nearly one hundred and eighty pounds, I stood five feet nine and a half inches high. On the 28th of October a light snow fell in that locality. On the 29th, about 4 p. m., I started from near the passenger station at Lafayette with several of my railroad comrades to board a train moving east towards my caboose, being the foremost one of the party; to accommodate the others I tried to get on to the forward end of the caboose car of the beforementioned train, it was a little slippery, and I had on a pair of new sewed boots, my foot slipped and I missed my hold and fell, my comrades failing to have sufficient presence of mind to move me and the wheels passed over both legs just above the ankle joints, crushing the bones and flesh but did not break the

skin, and that is what probably saved my life. I have since met ten times as many men as actually saw me hurt, and they all say they saw me when I fell. No one can imagine how delighted I am to meet these men, for if one of them had taken hold of me he could have saved my feet, as when I fell I broke my left leg above the knee and the left foot lay on top of the right, and in my effort to get up, not knowing I was hurt, I put both feet across the track in the rear of the forward wheels; when I discovered what I had done I tried to pull myself back and my boot held me fast and on account of my weak condition I could not get out of the way in time and the hind wheels caught me, and that is a true statement of the facts. I never liked to admit the full details but in gratitude to those who assist me to live in my present condition I have determined to tell it as it occurred. I was picked up, taken to my boarding house on Tippecanoe street, where Drs. Glick and Wallace soon arrived. After making an examination they decided I would not survive a double amputation that evening. The next morning, to the surprise of many, I was still alive and apparantly doing well, but on the third day I had gone back wonderfully, and then it became necessary to stimulate me, and on the 17th of November the left foot was amputated and the right foot seemed to be doing so well it was decided to wait awhile; in the meantime I had lost all my flesh so I would not have weighed more than eighty pounds and had bed sores all over my back. Finally the right foot behaved very badly, large ulcers came on either side, and my leg was placed on a double incline plane and a seaton run through my foot. If I ever wanted to be in heaven it was when they moved that seaton. The first week in January, '74, an abcess, which had been forming in my left thigh, broke, and discharged freely for two hours; it was estimated that one-half gallon of pus run out in that time. Then about the 15th of January the right foot was amputated and in fourteen more days I began to think I was improving. The amputation of the left foot healed in thirteen weeks, that of the right in eleven weeks. I was confined to the bed until April, when I commenced to sit up. The fracture in my left leg, being an oblique one, would not unite, or on account of the abcess could not make a perfect joint, so the bone lapped together five and a half inches, and the ends of the bone make two offsets, so I cannot wear an artificial limb. In May I began to learn to walk; in June I went to Ft. Wayne, it was a necessity, there were so many of my friends who wanted to send me to the alms house before I could learn to help myself. The 23d day of June was the first day I walked alone; on that day a railroad boy gave me one dollar, after he had failed to persuade me to visit a saloon to take a drink. Fortunately, I soon after met an agent of O. M. Allen, of Kalamazoo, who desired me to sell some patent pencils, quite a nice and useful novelty at that time. He commenced to talk of my buying two gross, and I shook my head, but he stayed with me two hours, and when he got down to talking about my buying two dozen I commenced to talk, and ask him if he would sell me one-half dozen, as I had but ninety-four cents, having bought two postage stamps to mail that number of letters to some of my friends, who never answered them. Well, after two hours as hard work as that agent ever did on one customer, I bought one-half dozen pencils for 65 cents and sold them at twenty-five cents each, making a nice little profit, as they cost \$1.30 per dozen. I continued to sell those pencils for more than two years, when they quit selling, and I went to selling other goods on the street, but in that business I found insurmountable difficulties to contend with continually. License everywhere from one dollar per day to fifty dollars per day. When I would plead for a permit on the ground of having served my country, and been unfortunate since the war, I was told, "well, the county where you belong will take

care of you." How nice, how encouraging, that when I inquired why these prohibitory laws, "it is to protect our merchants who sell the same goods," was the answer, as much as to say a man with \$10,000 has a better right to make a living than a man with 1,000 cents. 'Tis said the darkest hour is before the break of day, it proved so in my case. On the 6th of August 1880, I was mustered into Post 58, Department Pennsylvania, G. A. R., at Harrisburg, Wilson C. Fox, Commander, and Frank B. Kinneard, Adjutant, and many times I got permits through the influence of the local Posts to sell my goods, but that was no protection from the time robbers; people would persist in robbing me of more than half of my time inquiring how I lost my feet, how long since was both feet off, my age, my weight, why I don't do ten thousand other things aside from what I am doing, or was engaged in at that time. Now that was my experience in all the States east of the Mississippi river, and north of the Ohio river, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, south; Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas, west, until I was actually compelled to give up the idea of trying to make a living by peddling. The worst of it was these inquisitive people never buy anything, and how is a man to endure it. I once heard of a railroad company that employed a blind man at a salary of \$100 per month to answer questions at one of its stations, and he had to give it up. Well, if a man can't endure the selfish-never-let-up-quizer at \$100 per month, how is a man going to answer all the questions they will fire at him like shot from a gatling gun when he gets only abuse in return for it. On the 4th of January, 1886, after I had explained all my trouble to my esteemed comrade, Geo. E. Reed, of Harrisburg, Pa., he told me there was one of two things a good American will do when he is busted: he will either write a book or take up a collection, and if I wanted to get up a book he would give me some valuable material, which you will find commencing on another page; and it is of far greater value than anything I could get to occupy the same space; his history of the campaign of the Sixth Army Corps is not only a literary curiosity, but is authentic as it was written at the time it occurred, on old envelopes and other bits of paper, therefore, it is valuable as a curiosity of the Rebellion, being the only article of the kind written by a private while in the service; and his experience later on in the war, while a prisoner, is the most remarkable record of facts yet recorded, as among the remarkable incidents of the war; truly all who are so fortunate as to get a copy of this little book gain a prize that will be appreciated by all who love this country and honor the men who endured so much to keep it undivided.

Since I first began to sell this pamphlet I have met men who would almost insist that I must go to some home provided for disabled soldiers. The soldiers' and sailors' homes are nice places to look at, and for a great many they are just what the name implies. Men who have a pension insufficient for their support and not able to earn anything, or are not competent to take care of themselves, it is so far as I can learn, a good place for them, but if a man has a family, and no income, he better stay out, for he is as much in prison there as he could be in the institutions of that name, for he can't get out without money, and I think I have as much right to make a living for myself and family as others more fortunate, and I don't believe any other business is more honorable, for my book is worth the price. The proprietors of some stores, saloons, hotels and offices have put me out because I had been unfortunate and had something for sale I wished to offer to them, surely for no other reason. *But they are not dead yet* and may live to realize the fact, they are only mortals after all. Young man, make a note of this fact, fight for your country when you have to, and don't forsake your chance to acquire an education

to fight, because a lot of politicians want you to, for if you survive one hundred battles and afterwards become disabled, you can expect the same amount of gratitude as I have met with. If you want to peddle peanuts or pencils they will require more license for one days privilege than you can make in a month. Some real smart individuals say, when I offer them one of my books, "oh, the war is over and ought to be forgotten!" Indeed, and how do they know it is over when they had nothing to do with it, and why should it or one of the nation's defenders be forgotten. I don't believe they will be forgotten by good citizens, neither do I believe these puffed up sarcastic individuals could tell if asked to, when the war began or when it closed. The question as to when the war of the rebellion began and when it ended has frequently been before the Supreme Court of the United States. The war did not begin or close at the same time in all the States. The States did not all secede at the same time, there were two proclamations of intended blockade. The first on the 19th of April, 1861, embracing the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The second on the 27th of April, 1861, embracing the states of Virginia and North Carolina. In like manner there were two proclamations declaring the war closed; one issued on the 2d day of April, 1866, embracing the states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and the other issued on the 20th of August, 1866, embracing the State of Texas. So the court holds that as to all the States but Virginia and North Carolina the war began on the 19th day of April, 1861, and as to all the States but Texas it ended on the 2d day of April, 1866, technically we are bound by the decision of the court, but practically the war began the 12th of April, 1861, when Sumter was fired on. The 9th of April, 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant near Appomattox Court House. Other queer people claim as I was a Michigan soldier I should remain in my native State. Indeed! But they don't hesitate to sell their goods in other States than their own and Michigan men were in all the Army Corps; Michigan men met the enemy at eight hundred engagements and as many Michigan men fell at Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania Court House, and all other great battles, as from any other State in proportion to the number engaged, showing they were in the front as reliable men, and at the surrender of Lee the officers passed through the lines where Michigan men held the skirmish line, and Michigan men captured Jeff Davis, Michigan men put down the rebellion with the assistance of the balance of the army, and it was a Michigan man who compiled this, the greatest ten cent book on earth, and all who fail to read it miss a literary treat, for in the history of no war can you find recorded more wonderful deeds of heroism than is recorded and truthfully too, in this little book. Buy it, read it, keep it for your posterity to peruse. Copies sent to any address in the United States on receipt of price, Ten Cents.

Cordially yours,

CHAS. L. CUMMINGS.

Post Office Address: HARRISBURG, PA.

CAMPAIGN OF THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS,

SUMMER OF 1863.

{The verses here given were written by George E. Reed, while in the army as a private in Company A, Ninety-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, attached to the Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps. In the introduction to the work the following statement is made: "The following pages are intended to convey to the public a knowledge of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac during the summer of 1863. In order to accomplish this end, and, at the same time, tell the story in as concise a manner as possible, the author has pursued an entirely different course to that hitherto adopted by writers on the same subject. In this respect the work will be found original, but in all others he claims no further merit than is deserved for a careful compilation of facts from his own observation."}

On the 28th of April we left our camp,
By way of exercise to take a tramp;
To the Rappahannock river we sped our way,
To find the Rebel Army in battle array.

No sooner there than we espied,
Our enemy beyond the river's tide,
Snugly stationed in their rifle pits,
Already prepared to give us fits.

We had to cross the river, without doubt,
Which General Sedgwick soon found out.
He had the pontoons hauled to the river bank,
And soon they were filled with many a Yank.

General Brooks soon gave the word to start,
The engineers pulled the boats very smart;
To the middle of the river we had got,
Without the rebels firing a shot.

The sentry then, on the opposite shore,
Espied the boats, some forty or more
Whereupon he fired his gun,
Then up the hill he quickly run,

To alarm the men in the rifle pits,
Who were almost scared out of their wits;
They fired one volley and quickly run,
Strewing the ground with many a gun.

Then our skirmishers advanced with caution,
Thinking they might be acting the 'possum,
And after the rifle pits we had gained,
We found that three men had been maimed.

Once over the river and upon the plain,
We would not be drove back again.
On the plain we rested full one day,
To arrange the lines in battle array.

Next morning clear, and by sunrise
The booming cannon rent the skies.
The firing of the signal gun
Proclaimed the work of death begun.

Soon our starry banners were in the town
Of Fredericksburg, of battle renown.
The city was taken with a shout,
And the Confederates put to rout.

They fled out of the city, and up the hill,
Boasting many Yankees they would kill.
Soon they were in their rifle pits,
Fully prepared the Yankees to whip.

Our General soon he made a decision,
And ordered up the Flying Division;
They went up the hill with a shout,
And captured a battery in a redoubt.

It was the Washington Battery, of New Orleans,
And as fine a one as ever was seen.
The artillerists were a picked crew,
And had to surrender, all but a few,

Who escaped up the Orange plank-road,
And to see them go without a goad,
Except a few Yankees in the road,
Who did enforce the martial code.

When we reached the top of the hill,
Orders were given our canteens to fill;
This was done in very short time,
And we all again fell into line.

The Confederates continued falling back,
While Federals followed close in their track,
Until we reached a clump of pines,
When there was a stoppage in the lines.

This was caused by a dead artillery horse,
And to remove him we had, of course.
Which was done in a very short time,
And we again advanced in line.

Until we came to Salem Church near,
We did not hear the Rebels cheer;
Our skirmishers then were advancing slow,
As this part of the country they did not know.

Up to this time we had it our way,
But we came on the Rebs. who in ambush lay,
And they poured volley after volley into our line,
Killing and wounding many in a short time.

A flanking fire had broke our line,
And we had to fall back in double-quick time;
This we done with severe loss,
As we had a very large field to cross.

The Confederates close at our heels,
Thinking to skin us like so many "eels."
Until we reached our supporting line,
Things to the Rebels looked very fine.

Our second line stood like statues of stone,
And many a Rebel was cut to the bone.
The enemy then they broke and run,
This to our second line was fine "fun."

The Rebels then all made for cover,
And the fighting of the day was over,
Some laid down on the ground to sleep,
While others laid there in grief to weep.

The moon came out and shone very bright,
And the battle-field was a ghastly sight.
To remove the wounded was our intent,
And quickly out details were sent.

We removed alike both friend and foe,
As this is a christian country, you know;
All the wounded we sent to the ambulance train,
And then we returned to sleep again.

We awoke in the morning, the sky was clear,
And the enemy's lines were very near;
Their sharpshooters often firing a shot,
Our skirmishers kept cool, and answered not.

In this position in the hot sun, all day we did lay,
The Rebels in front began a brass band to play,
The music from it sounded very fine,
And General Lee was arranging his line.

To capture the Sixth Corps he made his brag,
As he thought he had us all in a "bag;"
We have seen this bagging process before,
And the one he had was awfully tore.

The sun had set nice and clear,
And then we heard firing in our rear,
Then orders were passed along the line,
To sling our knapsacks in a short time.

This was done all very quiet,
And to make the river we had to try it;
When we started, it was double-quick,
Over fences and through a creek.

At last we reached Rappahannock's bank,
And there laid down many a tired Yank.
We laid there until morning, it began to rain,
Which caused the men to curse and complain.

At daylight we crossed to Stafford Heights,
All very tired after several days' fights,
We laid there two days in the woods,
And having this rest we felt pretty good.

During this week many died for freedom's cause,
Supporting the country and the laws,
Peace to the ashes of the fallen brave,
Who died the best government on earth to save.

We left Stafford Heights one morning clear,
And to White Oak Church our course did steer.
Ere long we reached our old camp,
But we had just one mile further to tramp.

At last we came to the end of our race,
And in the cabins our things did place;
This was the Thirty-third New York's old camp.
And thus was ended our first tramp.

In this place we lived like fighting cocks,
We even had basins made of wooden blocks;
Every cabin had a good place for fire,
And about nine o'clock we would retire.

At this place two weeks we staid,
Then was transferred to another brigade;
This caused us to move our camp further south,
And all of the boys were down in the mouth.

Our new camp reached in a field of green,
As fine a place as ever was seen,
On each side of the street was a row of trees,
And the Sixth Corps mark was flung to the breeze

At this place sixteen days we staid,
 Until Lee thought Hooker he would evade,
 And into Pennsylvania make raid,
 As his cavalry horses were pretty well played.

General Kilpatrick, with his cavalry, was sent,
 To find out Lee's movements was his intent;
 He come up with Stewart at Brandy Station,
 And whipped him there like *damnation*.

Here General Kilpatrick showed up Lee's plan,
 And General Hooker did it carefully scan;
 The Sixth Corps then again was ordered to the river,
 Which made the Confederates shake and quiver.

We crossed the river under a heavy fire,
 And captured the Second Florida regiment entire;
 This was done one fine afternoon,
 And we throwed up two redoubts very soon.

Which was done just for a blind,
 As to fight both parties declined;
 We laid on the plain three days or more,
 And then returned to the northern shore.

We left one night, in a heavy rain,
 And for Potomac creek did aim;
 We arrived at the creek at break of day,
 And on its banks all day did stay.

The enemy crossed after us very soon,
 As we could see from our balloon;
 We started from here at eight at night,
 For Stafford Court House, with all our might.

As for the Confederates, we were not afraid,
 But the Surgeon's mule he made a raid,
 Running around wherever he choose,
 And broke the ribs of a man named Hughes.

When we arrived there, we began to tire,
 And some rascals set the jail on fire—
 The flames from it made the sky very bright,
 And about some crackers there was near a fight.

We had one hour given us for ease,
 And then started for Dumfries;
 This day was the hottest, so far, this year,
 And many men were sun-struck, near.

We halted three hours, near by a creek,
 For the men to rest, and to attend the sick;
 And then we started, with a pleasant breeze,
 And about six o'clock arrived at Dumfries.

The sick soon came following after,
 And their marching caused some laughter—
 Staggering under knapsacks, every one,
 That they carried in the sun.

We got our supper, and laid down to sleep,
 And ugly bugs over us did creep;
 We were up next morning, at break of day,
 And for Fairfax Station started on our way.

We arrived at four o'clock near the station,
 And the next day had a jollification—
 Whiskey was plenty, and some got drunk,
 One man had his cartridge-box on left in front.

Some of the men got so tight,
That among themselves they began to fight;
This lasted all day, until near night,
And they presented a comical sight.

We then packed up, and all fell in line,
With orders from our General to move at nine;
We started then for Germantown,
A place near Fairfax, of famed renown.

We arrived at last in some shady woods,
And got well supplied with sutler's goods;
We laid here seven days, I don't think eight,
And then were ordered to another State.

The night before we started it very hard did rain,
Which caused some trouble to a regiment from Maine—
They packed up and went to the railroad station,
As heavy firing was heard without cessation.

After marching all night to this position,
They found it was niggers blowing up ammunition;
So, in the morning, they returned to camp,
Very much dissatisfied with their tramp.

When they returned, we were all in line,
The rain still coming down very fine;
We started out, with arms at will.
Until we came to Drainesville,

Where we encamped on the side of a hill,
But as for mud, we had our fill;
To dry our clothes was our desire,
And so we built a very large fire.

Next morning we awoke feeling very merry,
And then we started for Edward's Ferry;
We arrived there early in the afternoon,
And we crossed the Potomac very soon.

We crossed the river on a pontoon bridge,
And encamped for the night on a high ridge;
Next morning for Hyattstown we did stray,
Passing through Pooles and Barnesville on our way.

We reached Hyattstown at near sundown,
And encamped about one mile from town;
Next morning, in a drizzling rain,
We started on our march again.

New Market passed, and Ridgeville,
The column kept on marching still;
Mount Airy next was on our line,
The corps, to here, had made good time.

Julesburg, then, was almost in sight,
Where we stopped in the woods all through the night;
Next morning as we laid on the ground,
The country people came flocking around.

To see Potomac's army they were bound,
And hand provisions to the soldiers around;
The ladies, here, they done their best,
To relieve the soldiers who were distressed.

And when in the village, passing by,
They viewed the soldiers with a pitying eye;
This village was Union to the core,
And boasted of having a "Grocery & tore."

We left this place in the morning fine,
And arrived at Westminster at dinner time ;
On this place General Stuart had made a raid,
And the inhabitants were very much afraid.

Even the ladies, here, were full of fears,
But they gave each passing regiment cheers ;
Our band was put at the head of the line,
And played some airs that were very fine.

We halted here till each man eat his fill,
And then we started for Bixler's Mill ;
At the mill we remained one day and night,
And there seemed some prospects of a fight.

We left this mill at night, with all speed,
Under our new commander, General Meade ;
Out a road we marched until early dawn,
And then found out that we were wrong.

The column halted and we all laid down,
On the turnpike leading to Littlestown ;
When we arose, very much refreshed,
For Gettysburg we marched our best.

We passed Point Pleasant on our way,
Stopping beyond, just for a short stay ;
Of a breakfast here I would like to relate,
But we lost it just on the line of the State.

The way was this: We stopped to partake
Of a meal they said we'd have time to make ;
This was all our hearts could desire,
But we had to start again, after lighting a fire.

So again we started, all weary and tired,
But our hearts with patriotism were fired ;
We stopped long enough our dinner to make,
And, when near Gettysburg, the day was quite late.

Just thirty-seven miles we came this day,
To meet the enemy in battle array ;
We rested half an hour on a hill,
And then went in some Rebels to kill.

We were sent to support the gallant Fifth Corps,
Who were fighting some twenty thousand or more ;
At it we went with a hearty good will,
The cheer of the corps was heard loud and shrill.

We drove them from behind their stone walls,
Amidst showers of bullets and cannon balls ;
One division was sent to the right,
To assist the Twelfth Corps the Rebels to fight.

This was done on the second day of July,
And caused many of the enemy to bleed and die ;
Near them too, was our own glorious Fourth,
Which brought sorrow and joy throughout the North.

It rained full two days while at this wall,
The drum corps was unable to beat sick call ;
We advanced on the enemy in the morning fleet,
To try and discover any signs of retreat.

On the head of the column they soon opened fire,
And our brigade then soon did retire ;
But next morning early, at the break of day,
We discovered the Rebels had all run away.

In pursuit the Sixth Corps did quickly go,
And the marching we done was by no means slow;
Over the battle-field our course we bent,
And skirmishers out were very soon sent.

The field presented a heart-rending sight,
To see so many killed and wounded outright;
We went on until a large barn we did find,
Filled with their wounded, and in flight left behind.

We kept after the Rebels, as a matter of course,
Until we came to a tavern, called the Black Horse;
Here they had left some thousand, or more,
Of their companions-in-arms, bleeding in gore.

It was here we crossed a very large creek,
And some of their ambulances in the mud did stick;
We kept on in the mud until near night,
When we found our advance was engaged in a fight.

We had caught up with the Rebels' rear,
Then all of the boys gave a hearty cheer;
Their wagon train in the gap we did spy,
And our artillery at it quickly let fly.

All this was done in a very short time,
And brigades advanced in battle line;
This being done, it was very near night,
And we all felt pretty tired after the fight.

We advanced in the wood, and there laid down,
About one mile from Fairfield town;
We laid at this place one night and day,
Then onward after the Rebels we sped our way.

To Emmettsburg we shaped our course,
After the defeated, fleeing Rebel force;
The city was reached, after some delay,
As the roads were miserable all the way.

Beyond the city we arrived at last,
And bivouacked in a large field of grass;
We laid down here, and it began to rain,
While waiting for our supply train.

The train came up, we got our tack,
And the weight of our haversacks cut our back;
The crackers we got were numeratively few,
Some said six, but the most said two.

We got our supplies, and then we did sally
Down the beautiful "Catoctin" Valley;
Along it we went at a rapid rate—
The handsomest part of Maryland State.

The ladies—how beautiful! "*God bless the fair!*"—
Lined the roads and sang many a patriotic air;
Some waved flags, while others sang,
All looking out for the handsomest man.

To hand water to us was their ardent desire,
For the weight of our haversacks made us perspire;
We came to "Catoctin" Furnace that afternoon,
And out of it popped a jolly old coon.

He told us his occupation was heavy clerk;
Some talked with him, and from his vest did jerk
A plug of tobacco, which we all gave a flirt,
He getting the balance—our feelings were hurt.

We left this place after thirty minutes rest,
And in marching to Middletown we done our best;
It then became very late in the afternoon,
And we had to cross South Mountain soon.

We came to Newman's Cut just at dusk,
And over that night march we must;
As we started to cross, it began to rain,
Which caused many of sickness to complain.

We reached the top in the middle of the night,
And laid down in a horrible plight;
We staid there until next morning came,
Then started off 'midst mud and rain.

On the road we came the mud was knee deep,
But on our course to Middletown we did keep,
Until we came to a very fine creek,
Where the Corps was halted, and we washed our feet.

When near Middletown, all shivering and shaking,
Is where we heard Vicksburg was taken;
This caused much joy throughout the Corps,
We then got four days rations more.

We laid near the town all that night,
And then heard tell of a cavalry fight
That occurred at Boonsboro', not far away—
Thither our corps was ordered next day.

We arose in the morning, after a good sleep,
Cooked our breakfast—we had plenty to eat—
Out on the turnpike our corps soon did get,
Where we saw some flying artillery upset.

This was done on the day before.
Our cavalry captured eighty Rebels, or more;
Over the mountain, and down a hollow,
The Eleventh Corps we did quickly follow,

Until we came to the centre of the town,
We turned off to the right, and on a hill laid down;
This we done in strong line of battle,
As musketry in front so loud did rattle.

We laid here until the next day,
Then the firing appeared to be far away;
We left this hill at the break of day,
And started for Funkstown, five miles away.

And when we reached near Antietam creek,
Obstacles in front of us there we did stick;
We left the turnpike and went into a field,
Laid down behind a knoll, ourselves to shield.

Here we supported a section of battery,
And we done it quite easy, without any flattery;
We laid here one night and day,
Driving by degrees the Confederates away.

Next night on picket we were sent,
With cheerful hearts our steps we bent;
We relieved the posts along the whole line,
And reached a pleasant grove at supper time.

We did not remain long here in suspense,
As a man hurt his ankle getting over a fence,
So back we came through some fields of wheat,
Then cooked our supper and set down to eat.

This we done in high old fashion,
 Details went full two miles for rations ;
 After taking our supper we laid down to sleep,
 In a large field covered with wheat.

We arose in the morning feeling gay,
 And after the Confederates sped our way,
 Passing through Funkstown we then did espy,
 A hospital filled with their wounded near by.

This was a most pitiful, but common sight,
 To see their wounded left behind in the flight ;
 We passed through this town at ten in the morn ;
 I heard an old miller say they stole all his corn.

And then they had made good use of his mill,
 For they had encamped just beyond on a hill.
 Between the town and hill, Antietam creek flowed,
 Where they had rifle pits commanding the road.

In the rifle pits they did not long stay,
 But marched on to Hagerstown, two miles away.
 We crossed the creek and went up a hill,
 Where our corps was handled with great skill.

Regiments were deployed on each side of the road,
 And batteries put in position the Rebels to goad,
 Skirmishers sent out at the head of the line,
 And with the Confederates expected a shine.

Our cavalry all the time closing in on the right,
 And at Hagerstown had a very hard fight ;
 They charged through the city, as every one knows,
 And captured many of our Rebel foes.

Our corps then marched to the left of the town,
 The rain in torrents came pouring down,
 We still marched on in battle line,
 For about an hour or perhaps less time.

We had not gone far before we did spy,
 Some Rebel skirmishers in a field of rye ;
 Skirmishers from our corps were then sent out,
 And they very soon put the Rebels to rout.

Advancing to the crest of the hill,
 Soon they gave the Rebels their fill ;
 This being done it was very near night,
 And darkness put an end to the fight.

Our line remained the same next day,
 In front of the Rebels in battle array ;
 At night it began very hard to rain,
 And in the morning they had flown.

When we discovered it, after the Rebels we went,
 Passing through wheat fields we got very wet,
 This caused us very much to shiver,
 Until we arrived at (Williamsport) Potomac river,

Where they had crossed two hours before,
 And then were on the Virginia shore ;
 At Williamsport, reinforcements came,
 From Western Virginia, through mud and rain.

They came about two hours too late,
 To drive the Rebels from Maryland State ;
 They crossed the ford right at the town,
 The river being high, caused many to drown.

Some of their wagons in the river we spied,
The tops of them just above the tide ;
Our corps then marched to the right of the town,
We went up a hill and there laid down

For the night, as we all felt very tired,
And sleep and rest we all required.
We arose in the morning after a good sleep,
And then after the Rebels right lively did keep.

We kept on marching but had no fight,
And when at Boonsboro' it was near night.
Close to the village a fine creek we found,
In which to take a swim all were bound.

To take a swim was all our desire,
As the marching we had made us perspire,
We were all dirty, dusty and tired,
And a very good wash we all required.

Then we passed through Middletown on our way,
And arrived near Berlin, after some delay ;
We laid at this place on a very high hill,
And the boys made a dash on a sutler's till,

Getting his nickels which were but a few,
Also his condensed milk, and peaches too.
Next morning over the river we started,
Us and our Maryland very soon parted.

We passed through Lovettsville on our way,
On the afternoon of one fine Sunday ;
The visitors here displayed the "Starry Flag,"
And the corps on it three rousing cheers had.

The men had on *Bell-crowned Hats*,
Claw-hammer Coats and White Cravats ;
We kept on marching until near dusk,
As for sleeping and eating, of course, we must.

We bivouacked here in a field for the night,
And burned a large barn for one Mr. Bright ;
This man was a Rebel, so all did say,
He used to supply the guerillas with hay.

We laid at this place two nights and one day,
And then started for White Plains some distance away.
We halted that evening near a stone bridge,
And encamped for the night on a high ridge.

Next morning we started on our march again,
And about ten o'clock arrived at White Plain ;
At this place one night and day we staid,
The weather being very hot while here we laid.

Some men gathering blackberries were captured near,
By Moseby's guerillas hovering in our rear ;
We left this place just at coming night,
And for New Baltimore marched with all our might.

We arrived at it near the break of day,
And in a large field five hours did stay ;
For Warrenton then we made our way,
And arrived at it after some delay.

The delay was caused by a swollen creek,
And some of the men in it did almost stick ;
We marched right on, beyond the town,
Into a clover field, and there laid down.

In this field one day we staid,
Then orders came to move our brigade
A little further to the right of the town,
Where the citizens on us cast many a frown.

We encamped at this place one week or more,
Then was ordered back to New Baltimore ;
We started for it one evening so gay,
And our brass band some fine airs did play.

Each drum corps beat with all their might,
As the column marched out the turnpike.
We arrived at this place at twelve at night,
And laid on the grass five hours quite.

Then our breakfast we relished, after this tramp,
And about ten o'clock went into camp,
Near a fine woods, with plenty of shade,
Snugly ensconced was our brigade.

We here had to guard Thoroughfare Gap,
Wash, eat, lay down, and take a nap.
One fine moonlight night, at this place,
Some guerillas thought the brigade to disgrace.

To capture our Brigadier was their lay,
And carry him and his staff away
To Richmond, where Stoughton they took before,
But they missed their mark and felt very sore,

For the General turned out and made fight,
Along with his staff, who soon put to flight
The guerillas, who came there that night,
And were scared out of their wits, quite.

We encamped at this place some forty-seven days,
Amusing ourselves in various ways ;
The officers had just completed a fine race track,
Half a mile from starting point and back.

They had not time to try one steed,
As orders to move came from General Meade ;
The day we started we had inspection,
And our brigade passed without objection.

In the afternoon orders came to march,
Citizens rushed into camp and for grub did search ;
We left this place just at sundown,
And at nine o'clock reached Warrentown,

Where we bivouacked until morning came,
Then started on our march again.
For Culpepper Court House we made our way,
Passing White Sulphur Springs on this day,

Which was once a famous summer resort,
And took the change of many a sport ;
This place was visited by many a southern belle,
And no doubt paid the proprietor well.

The buildings were very much dilapidated,
And this property was all confiscated.
Here we crossed the Rappahannock river
On a corduroy bridge, which much did quiver.

We kept on marching with all our might,
And came near Culpepper late at night,
Where we laid down on the side of a hill,
The night being cool we had many a chill.

We arose in the morning and marched again,
Some distance, through a drizzling rain,
To a place on the Sperryville pike,
Without any prospects of a fight.

We went into a wood and there encamped,
All very tired after a twenty-three mile tramp,
And here remained four days, I think, quite,
Then removed our camp east of the pike.

At this new camp all things were gay,
Old Jonah his violin did play—
In the woods we had a good dancing floor,
To accommodate some three sets or more.

One night, at this dance, there was a jollification,
Plantation Bitters were drank without hesitation,
And one and all were jolly and frisky,
As some of the boys made a raid on whiskey.

It was put up in boxes, as you must know,
And when the boys got it, right quickly it did go;
Men were seen running around with a bottle,
Asking their friends to wet their throttle.

Some got drunk, now I must be frank,
So much so they could not find their camp;
Every one to please his friends done his best,
And one whole company was put under arrest.

This did not last long, as you must know,
As orders came to the Rapidan to go;
We started for it one Monday fine,
And passed several corps in battle line.

We marched through Culpepper with martial tread,
A violent "Sesesh" from a window stuck her head,
She cursed all the Yankees and wished them dead,
Which caused merriment; some said "dry up, go to bed."

This woman was rank as "any other man,"
And about three o'clock we reached the Rapidan;
Our corps went here the Second to relieve,
Who took the place of cavalry, I believe.

The night we arrived here I heard a man say,
That a captain was murdered by the name of McKay;
He was shot while going to his tent at night,
Supposed by a conscript, just out of spite.

Next morning as his body laid there on the ground,
All of his company were summoned around,
To see if the murderer could be found out,
As he was in the company, there is no doubt.

The oath they took was made this way:
Their right hand on his body they did lay,
Then in the other they took the Holy Book,
And some of them with a tremor shook.

But the murderer could not be found;
He was in the regiment, I'll be bound.
We picketed the river full one week,
Then Lee from Meade thought he would escape.

He tried to turn Meade's right flank,
While we laid on the Rapidan's bank;
We left at eight o'clock on Saturday night,
For Culpepper Court House with all our might.

Where we arrived about daylight,
Without any prospects of a fight;
For here we rested and eat our fill,
Just outside the town, on a hill.

At ten o'clock we started for Rappahannock Station,
And before sundown was at our destination.
Here we encamped in a piece of wood,
Had a very sound sleep, and felt very good.

We laid at this place the most of next day,
Then recrossed the river in battle array,
When we advanced as far as Brandy Station,
Our cavalry driving them without moderation

We advanced to the Station in line of battle,
The firing of carbines in front loud did rattle,
And the enemy here were drove out of sight,
Darkness coming on put an end to the fight.

We stopped in a woods and our supper cooked,
The sky from the camp-fires very bright looked.
At this place we stayed, I think, five hours near,
Then left, as the Confederates we did not fear.

We then marched fast to Rappahannock Station,
And from the Rebels met with no molestation;
So over the river we did quickly retire,
And at daylight set the bridge on fire.

This was a grand and splendid sight,
To see this structure in one blaze of light;
We then marched on to Bealton Station,
The Army of the Potomac, the *Pride of the Nation*:

Here we halted, just for a short time,
To rest ourselves, then again fell in line;
The buildings at this place were all set on fire,
And burned to the ground as we did retire.

Remember, the Rebels here we did not fear,
As our cavalry was in our rear;
At Warrenton Junction we halted in a wood,
Had four days rations served; they came very good

We stopped here four hours for a rest,
Then for Bristoe Station marched our best,
Where we arrived, very tired and sore,
As the miles we came were just twenty-four.

We laid down here, in a field, for the night,
And arose in the morning at daylight,
Having enjoyed a good night's sleep,
Cooked our breakfast and a hearty meal eat.

We marched on to Manassas, then did hear,
Heavy firing, it appeared to be in our rear;
It was the Second Corps with the Rebels engaged,
They killed a great many and five hundred caged.

They thought here to capture our supply train,
But the brave Warren to them spoke very plain;
He placed a line of battle in the railroad cut,
Who annihilated the Rebels, all but.

This was all done without being seen
By the Rebels who thought it very mean.
From their artillery they had to quickly retire.
As on it our men kept such a murderous fire.

They ran away from their pieces which were four,
And they were captured by the gallant Second Corps;
Ten men from each regiment were then detailed
To drag off the pieces which the Rebels failed.

We kept on marching for Centreville,
Where we halted on top of a large hill;
Here we thought that we would stay,
But orders came to move away.

Just at dark we started for Chantilly,
The country to this place being mighty hilly;
This was a short march, but very fast,
For we arrived at about ten, half past.

We laid in a field the balance of the night,
And in the morning moved across the pike;
This was done in line of battle,
And our men did charge and kill some cattle.

Then details were sent to cut down trees,
While others threw up rifle-pits at their ease;
This being done, we all laid down for the night,
But next day we had some prospects of a fight.

In the afternoon, at four, I think, was the time,
There was some firing on the picket line;
This caused a stir throughout the camp,
But the pickets, alone, made the Rebels decamp.

They were guerillas, but numeratively few,
There being nothing to steal, wanted something to do;
Next day was Sunday, the weather fine and clear,
But our corps was doomed not long to stop here.

On Monday we started on our march again,
One man with sickness, did complain
Of his ankle, the day before he did strain,
And he wanted to ride in the ambulance train.

To get along he tried, with all his might,
For the surgeon told him he would have a sight,
That was, providing there was no fight,
To ride in the ambulance until night.

We marched this day up to Gainesville,
And of persimmons eat our fill;
In a field we stopped, near the railroad station,
As we heard firing in front, without cessation.

The Rebels were disputing the passage of the Gap,
So we laid down in line of battle and took a nap;
We arose in the morning just at four,
And started off for New Baltimore.

Passing along the road to Buckland Mills,
We had to climb some very high hills,
And when we got near New Baltimore,
Some cavalymen we seen who were killed day before.

All of them were stripped of their uniforms quite,
And presented a most horrrble sight;
We arrived at New Baltimore early that afternoon,
And stacked our arms on a hill very soon.

Some of the men laid down to sleep,
While most of them went out to kill sheep;
They belonged to a Rebel, named Moorhead,
But the men did not stop until all were dead.

Then some of the boys did quickly see,
 Some hogs belonging to a Rebel, Mr. Oglesby,
 They also fared the fate of the sheep,
 When we all set down and commenced to eat.

Our supper we had hardly got done,
 When orders came to move to Warrenton,
 Where we marched off to the right of the town,
 And some men a building began to tear down.

Then a man named Duffee soon hove in sight,
 And put the would be carpenters to flight;
 His appointment is inspector of the corps,
 He said of boards they should take no more.

We remained at this place 'til the following Sunday,
 It would have been just as well to move on Monday;
 This was done on account of the scarcity of wood.
 The camp that was picked out was very good.

Our tents we pitched in a place so fine,
 And remained here but eleven days' time;
 While we laid here in this piece of woods,
 Details were made to unload goods

Close by, down at the railroad station,
 And while there we had a jollification;
 Sutler's goods came up on a supply train,
 His Plantation Bitters the boys did drain.

Doing here pretty much as we pleased;
 News got around that the Sutler lost a cheese.
 That soldiers are honest, you cannot deny,
 But the bitters and cheese they knocked sky-high.

Next day our boys were all relieved,
 And the Sutler said he firmly believed,
 The detail took all the bitters and cheese,
 And done with them just whatever they pleased.

The morning we left this camp, it was said
 That Mosby's guerillas on our train made a raid,
 And captured some mules, in number seventy-five,
 But the guard to the emergency was fully alive;

Who recaptured them all but four or five,
 Which the guerillas to keep, very hard did strive;
 To them this was a very poor raid,
 And I do not hardly think it paid.

In the morning to Rappahannock Station, we did go,
 Where we met some of Ewell's Corps, our old foe;
 Skirmishers from our division were soon sent out,
 Who drove them into their rifle pits and redoubts.

Brigades then advanced in line of battle,
 As skirmishing in front so loud did rattle;
 Some regiments got ready to make a charge,
 Over a field, in front, which was very large,

To their rifle pits, down at the river near,
 And to stick their heads above them they did fear;
 This being done it was quite near night,
 And the sun on our bayonets shone very bright.

The columns advanced up to the rifle pits near,
 Then all of the men gave a hearty cheer.
 When the word "Charge" was heard above the din,
 You ought to have seen the Sixth Corps go in.

To the redoubts and breastworks we did quickly go,
Capturing many of the Confederate foe,
Who were made to surrender, and nothing shorter,
After fighting about two hours and a quarter.

They had a pontoon bridge in their rear,
And for it some of our regiments did steer;
Having gained this there was no fear,
Of the balance of the brigades getting clear.

Their guns they strewed promiscuously around,
And to throw their artillery in the river was bound,
But this our men very soon put to a stop,
For those engaged in it were quickly shot.

The prisoners all looked like Sir Falstaff's recruits,
And were almost scared out of their boots;
Some were glad at prisoners being taken,
While others complained of their heads aching.

Thirteen hundred prisoners were taken this day,
And not very dear for them did we pay;
Muskets to the number of eighteen hundred
Were captured; also, their artillery, which thundered

On our devoted division while the fight lasted,
And many a brave man's hopes here were blasted;
They also lowered to us eight battle flags,
Men never looked on such detestable rags.

Their ground red, the stars white, and bars blue,
Such were the banners of this traitorous crew;
Next afternoon over the river we did go,
Passing a great many cabins of Rebel foe;

Which were plastered with mud, nice and tight—
These they occupied before the last fight;
Some of these were not quite all done,
But we made good use of every one.

We moved our camp to the extreme right,
With the Hazel river fully in sight;
Here I went on guard at a flour mill,
And often of slap-jacks I would eat my fill.

I awoke one morning, as you must know,
When I found out my cakes were all dough,
For we left this morning just at six,
And by night found ourselves in a fix.

This was caused by the sticking of our supply train,
As the roads were muddy from a former rain;
We worked hard and large logs carried,
And about five hours here we tarried.

We kept on marching to the Rapidan,
All as mad as the devil, or "any other man;"
We stopped at night in woods on a hill,
About one mile from Germania Mill.

We arose in the morning, it was pretty cold,
And soon crossed the river, all very bold;
We stopped close to the river bank, on a high hill,
Then and there many a man had a heavy chill.

Then here we remained until near night,
When we found our advance was engaged in a fight;
This was General French's gallant Third Corps,
So we had to march to their succor.

We went into a woods, then out in a field,
Where we built a breastwork, ourselves to shield;
As the lines in front had quite a lively fight,
Which was stopped by the coming on of night.

After we had lain some four hours here,
For Robertson's tavern we started in good cheer;
To here we did not go to get something to drink,
And that for a moment, I don't want you to think.

But we went there the Confederates to fight,
And when our corps arrived it was daylight;
When we set down our breakfast to eat,
Then after the Rebels we all did keep.

We kept on marching down the turnpike,
When the advance of the Second engaged in a fight;
At this time it commenced very hard to rain,
Which caused some with sickness to complain.

We then marched off in a very large wood,
Where in the rain some four hours we stood;
Then all inverted our arms in the ground,
While the Rebels in front were in plenty found.

They kept up a very strong skirmish line,
Rain still coming down all the time;
The right of our regiment rested on a creek,
And a bridge we built over it very quick.

This was done to connect our line,
And was completed before supper time;
Next day was Sunday, and bitter cold,
The Rebels in front showing themselves bold.

We left this place at one o'clock at night,
And marched some distance to the right;
Where we soon prepared the Rebels to fight;
Unslung our knapsacks to make us light.

Then the pioneers did them all guard,
And we carried nothing our steps to retard;
To make a charge was our intent,
But before we done it some men were sent

Out front to take a view of the ground,
Who soon returned and said they found
A mill-race there, about five feet deep;
Had we made the charge many now in death would sleep.

As it was the cold weather we much did feel,
The water all day in the sun did congeal;
We laid in the woods without any fire,
And from it at dusk we did retire,

To our old position, we had left before,
All feeling very cold and sore,
We laid here all the next day,
Until it came night, then started away,

Again to cross the Rapidan river,
The night being cold we all did shiver;
We recrossed the river just at daylight,
The frost on the ground showed very white.

Here on a plank road we marched to a mill,
Then halted, and of breakfast eat a small fill;
We started, went about two miles, and stopped again
In a fine woods, and all day did remain.

This we done in battle line,
 Feeling hungry all the time;
 After this we started for Brandy Station,
 To which place we marched with moderation.

Having arrived here we did find
 Some of the Third Corps who were kind
 Enough to give us some of their tack
 As they from the Rapidan were just back.

We kept on marching to our old camp,
 And so thus ended our fall and winter tramp;
 Having laid here quiet just four days,
 We then removed our camp a little ways,

Over the Hazel river, in a fine wood,
 Where we put up cabins very good;
 We plastered them up with mud and moss,
 I tell you we lived good in them, "Old Hoss."

We have two bunks in our room, you know,
 Space for three above and as many below;
 Whippey, Doyle and Phipps, occupy the one above,
 And the ones below they as soldiers love,

Which is Buck, Old Man, and Little Dan,
 And through the winter will keep warm if they can;
 As we have re-enlisted in the Sixth Corps,
 To serve our country three years more.

CASE OF PURE LUCK.

"Talk about luck," says Col. A. R. Magill, State Insurance Commissioner of Minnesota, and then he proceeds to tell this story, on the truth of which he is willing to stake his chances for the next gubernatorial nomination. "When the Army of the Potomac, in the spring of 1862, moved into the fortifications at Manassas and Centreville, which had been vacated by the rebels, the boys spent much of their time gathering relics from the battle-field of Bull Run to send home to their friends. One day a gawky member of the Fourth New York brought in an unexploded percussion bomb and proceeded to draw the load before sending it away. He might, if he had had brains enough to last him over the door sill, have taken it to an artilleryman and had it safely unloaded, but instead of this he took it to the blacksmith shop, where, with hammer and cold-chisel, he sat down in the middle of the floor, took the bomb between his legs, placed the brass screw at the point and gave it a smart lick with the hammer. The next instant the atmosphere was dense with disintegrated blacksmith shop. A section of the batting roof had business over in another county, and a chunk of the side wall went down to visit the neighboring camp. Pieces of iron and steel that were once tools took an immediate vacation and fled to parts unknown. In short, the shop was completely demolished."

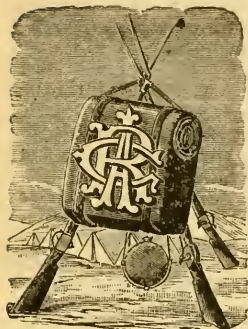
"But what of the man?" we asked of Colonel McGill.

"He's the chap I was coming to. When the boys rushed over to see what was the matter, there he set bolt upright in the midst of the debris, with his legs straddled out, a hammer in one hand and a cold-chisel in the other, and trying to spit a hair off the end of his tongue. 'By gosh,' he said, as he slowly crawled to his feet, 'I guess the folks 't home 'll have to git along 'thout that shell.'"

"The only injury that had been done to him was the singeing of his hair and whiskers. He wasn't even very much frightened till the next day."

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

An Historical Sketch, by Comrade Robert B. Beath, Post 5, Department of Penn'a, Past Commander-in-Chief.



THE "Grand Army of the Republic" is an organization composed exclusively of those who served in the Union Army or Navy during the Rebellion; and is the outgrowth of a natural desire on the part of the participants in the conflict of arms, to strengthen and perpetuate friendships formed amidst hardships and dangers, and through the strong bonds of fraternity, enjoy the social advantages of frequent meetings with old comrades, and with them plan for the care and comfort of the sick and disabled or destitute of their number; to honor the memories of the dead, and to cherish and maintain the principles upon which the order is based.

Although but nineteen years have elapsed since the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, the names of those to whom the order owes its conception are not on record, and the data concerning the initiatory movements is unattainable.

It is generally agreed, however, that Dr. B. F. Stephenson, now dead, was the organizer, if not the originator, of the first post, which was formed in Decatur, Illinois, in the Spring of 1866, and it was through his exertions that posts were organized in that and adjoining States. These lacked a central or general organization and regulations, until a meeting was held in Springfield, Illinois, in July, 1866, by the representatives of over forty posts of that State. General John M. Palmer was there chosen Grand Commander. Dr. Stephenson acted as Provisional Commander-in-Chief, with Colonel J. C. Weber as Adjutant General, and headquarters at Springfield; and when posts had been formed in several States, Col. Stephenson, in pursuance of General Order No. 13, dated October 31, 1866, convened their representatives for the formation of a national organization. A convention was accordingly held in Indianapolis, on November 20, with representatives present from posts in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia.

The meeting was a large one and attracted general attention. General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, presided, and the encampment adopted plans for the organization of posts, State departments, and a national encampment, substantially as they are in force to-day.

Eligibility to membership was declared in the following terms: Soldiers and sailors of the United States army, navy or marine corps, who served during the late rebellion, and those having been honorably discharged therefrom after such service, shall be eligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic. No soldier or sailor who has been convicted by court-martial of desertion or any other infamous crime shall be admitted. No person shall be eligible to membership who has at any time borne arms against the United States.

The objects to be accomplished by the organization were stated to be:

1. To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion.

2. To make these feelings efficient in works of kindness and material aid to those who fought with us by land or by sea for the preservation of the Union, and who now need our assistance for themselves or their families, by making provision where it is not already made.

For the protection of such as have been disabled either by wounds, sickness, old age, or misfortune.

For the maintenance of the widows of such as have fallen, and the support, care and education of their children.

3. To establish and secure the rights of these defenders of their country, by all moral, social and political means in our power.

To inculcate upon the whole country a proper appreciation of their services, and a recognition of their just claims.

But this association does not design to make nominations for office, or to use its influence as a secret organization for partisan purposes.

4. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to the national constitution and laws, to be manifested by the discountenancing of whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impair the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defense of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

Section three, as given above, has been since stricken out, and the introduction of partisan questions has been prohibited: "No officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic shall in any manner use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings, nor shall any nomination for political office be made."

Rules and regulations for the government of the order were adopted, and the encampment adjourned, intrusting to the officers selected the work of systematizing and perfecting the organization. These officers were: Commander-in-Chief, General Stephen A. Hurlbut; Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, General James B. McKean, of New York; Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief, General Nathan Kimball, of Indiana; Adjutant General, Col. B. F. Stephenson.

The second national encampment met in the council chambers, Philadelphia, January 15, 1868; the following departments being represented in addition to those named in the first meeting: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee and Louisiana.

The convention found itself in anything but a proper condition for intelligent action. There had been no intercommunication among the different departments, no correspondence with head-quarters, and no general interchange of opinions, theories and ideas, but each delegate had apparently come with his own more or less crude ideas. Neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Adjutant General laid before the convention any suggestions as to the result of their experience. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the delegates, with great harmony, constituted the proper committees, and succeeded during the session, in revising the regulations and ritual, a labor which, by no means perfect, resulted in great improvement upon the previous regulations and ritual. More was accomplished, however, at this convention, by the opportunity offered to compare various views, and the bringing together for discussion of the different opinions entertained by members from all parts of the North, as to what the organization should be, than in the mere matter of revising regulations or remodeling the ritual.

The national encampment which convened in Philadelphia, was, therefore, an era in the history of the order. It resulted in the establishment of head-quarters at the National Capitol, which, to a certain extent, not only nationalized the order, but gave great facility of communication, and for the first time enabled a correspondence to be opened with the leading members of the organization, and with the various departments and commands throughout the United States. At this encampment the following officers were elected: General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Joshua T. Owen, of Pennsylvania, Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Ed. Jardine, of New Jersey, Inspector General; Comrade T. C. Campbell, of Ohio, Quartermaster General; Comrade Jno. Bell, of Iowa, Surgeon General; and Comrade A. H. Quint, of Massachusetts, Chaplain General. Gen. N. P. Chapman was appointed Adjutant General.

The unoccupied States and Territories were organized into departments as rapidly as possible, and all those who had been comrades in arms, encouraged to establish Posts and bring themselves within the benefits and influences of the order, and at the next annual encampment, which assembled in Cincinnati, on the 12th day of May, 1869, we find thirty-seven departments reported, representing two thousand and fifty posts, and an increase of sixteen departments during the year.

General Logan was re-elected at the encampment held in Cincinnati, May 12, 1869, and again at Washington, May 11, 1870.

In 1868, General Logan directed the observance of May 30th as a MEMORIAL DAY, and the national encampment, on his recommendation, incorporated the

same in its organic law, making the observance of that day general and binding on the organization.

At first this met with considerable opposition and unfavorable criticism on the part of those outside of the order, as threatening a revival of sectional animosities which should be buried forever; but the results have justified the wisdom of the action. There having been no *personal* hatred to the Confederate soldier, even in the field, there certainly was none after they laid down their arms. The ceremony was intended to honor the Union dead, and to teach the rising generation lessons of patriotism, and not to stir up strife between the victor and vanquished. All adverse criticisms have, however, been silenced, as year after year the ceremonies grow in impressiveness and in the number participating.

Several of the States have made this Memorial Day a legal holiday, and throughout the country its public observance attracts general attention and respect.

The order of General Logan upon this subject read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 5, 1868.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 11.

1. The 30th of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in the defense of their country during the late Rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet church yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way, arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the Rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives where the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free or undivided Republic. If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us. Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

2. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

3. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHAPMAN,
Adjutant General

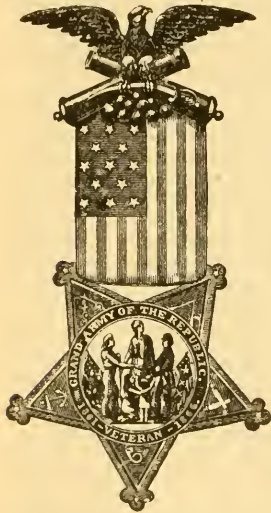
A special meeting of the national encampment was convened in the city of New York, in October, 1868, when a committee was appointed to consider suggested changes in the rules, regulations and ritual, and report to the next encampment. It was particularly designed to incorporate in our order a system of "degrees," such as are in vogue in some other organizations.

The committee, composed of excellent material, with Comrade James Shaw, Jr., of R. I., as chairman, presented to the encampment at Cincinnati, in 1869, a code of laws and a ritual dividing the membership into three classes—Recruits, Soldiers, Veterans, and this report, with a few immaterial changes, was adopted by that encampment.

It was there decided that all the post, department and national officers (and representatives to the latter) and all who had been members of the order for eight months, should be entitled to the higher grade, on taking anew the obligation imposed on each member. Recruits were required to serve on probation for a certain time without the right to vote, before advancement to the second grade.

The radical action of the national encampment met with most serious opposition, the entire membership seemed awakened to the fact that a great mistake had been made, and their rights jeopardized by their representatives. During the time this system was in force, posts were lost by the hundreds and members by the thousand, and after two years trial the national encampment abolished the system and returned to the first principles.

At the special meeting above mentioned, on motion of Comrade F. A. Starring, of Illinois, a committee was appointed to consider the subject of a badge for the membership.



The badge is bronze, made of cannon captured during the late rebellion, in form a five pointed star, similar in general design to the two hundred medals of honor authorized by act of Congress to be given to soldiers and sailors most distinguished for meritorious and gallant conduct.

The reverse side represents a branch of laurel—the crown and reward of the brave—in each point of the star. In the centre the national shield, surrounded by the twenty-four corps badges, arranged numerically, each on a keystone, and all linked together, showing they are united, and will guard and protect the shield of the nation. Around the centre is a circle of stars, representing the States of the Union and the departments composing the Grand Army of the Republic. Credit for the design is due to Comrade F. A. Starring, at that time Inspector General of the order.

With some slight modification, the cut here presented shows the design of the face of the badge adopted by the committee, and which is now used.

General Ambrose E. Burnside, of Rhode Island, was elected Commander-in-Chief at the encampment held in Boston, May 10, 1871, and served two years

with distinguished ability, doing much to place the order on a higher plane than it had before occupied.

General Louis Wagner, of Pennsylvania, succeeded Governor Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, as Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, acting as Commander-in-Chief for some months, during General Burnside's absence in Europe. General James Coey, of California, was elected Junior Vice Commander. Headquarters were transferred to the city of New York, and Captain Roswell Miller was appointed Adjutant General, giving for two years valuable service for which he declined any recompense. Under his supervision the books and records were so systematized that no important change has since been required. Captain Miller is now manager of one of the most extensive railway corporations in the country, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

General Burnside having positively declined a third term, General Charles Devens, Jr., of Massachusetts, afterwards Attorney General of United States, was chosen his successor at New Haven, Connecticut, May 11, 1873. He was re-elected at the session in Harrisburg, Pa., May 12, 1874. During his administration the headquarters were in Boston, Mass.

Governor John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander-in-Chief, at Chicago, May 12, 1875, and he established head-quarters at Philadelphia,

with Colonel Robert B. Beath as Adjutant General. Governor Hartranft was re-elected at Philadelphia, June 30, 1876.

At the Providence encampment, in June, 1877, General John C. Robinson, of New York, was elected Commander-in-Chief, and head-quarters were removed to New York city. Colonel James L. Farley was appointed Adjutant General. Comrade Robinson was re-elected at the encampment in Springfield, Mass., in June, 1878.

The twelfth annual session was held in Albany, in June, 1879, and was a meeting of considerable interest. Comrade William Earnshaw, Chaplain at the National Home, Dayton, Ohio, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Head-quarters during his term were at Dayton, where the thirteenth session was held in June, 1880.

At Albany the rule or custom of re-electing the Senior and Junior Vice Commanders-in-Chief was broken, in order that the honors of the highest positions might be passed around to a greater number of comrades, and this rule was afterward applied to Commander-in-Chief.

General Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia, was elected Commander-in-Chief at Dayton, and he appointed Colonel Robert B. Beath as Adjutant General, with head-quarters at Philadelphia.

A very large gain was made in the membership this year. Commander-in-Chief Wagner, at his own expense, visited a large number of departments, and attended meetings and re-unions of soldiers at distant points, with a view of making more widely known the objects of the Grand Army.

Comrade Geo. S. Merrill, of Massachusetts, was chosen to succeed Comrade Wagner, at the fifteenth annual meeting held in Indianapolis, June, 1881. Col. Wm. M. Olin was appointed Adjutant General, and the head-quarters were removed to Boston.

In June, 1882, the national encampment was held in the city of Baltimore, and Comrade Paul Van Der Voort, of Nebraska, was chosen Commander-in-Chief. Comrade F. E. Brown was appointed Adjutant General and head-quarters were established at Omaha.

The seventeenth annual session was held in Denver, Colorado. Comrade Robt. B. Beath, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander-in-Chief and the head-quarters were established at Philadelphia, with Comrade John M. Vanderslice as Adjutant General.

At the encampment held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in July, 1884, Comrade John S. Kountz, of Ohio, was elected Commander-in-Chief, and he appointed as Adjutant General, Comrade W. W. Alcorn, and established head-quarters at Toledo, Ohio.

The nineteenth annual session was held in Portland, Maine, June, 1885, and was largely attended. Comrade Samuel S. Burdett, of the Department of the Potomac was elected Commander-in-Chief. Head-quarters were established at Washington, D. C., and Comrade John Cameron appointed Adjutant General.

The twentieth annual session of the national encampment convened in San Francisco, Cal., August, 4, 1886. Comrade Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Samuel W. Backus, of California, Senior Vice Commander; Edgar Allen, of Virginia, Junior Vice Commander.

To give the general public an idea of the attendance at these gatherings, we will state that at the camp-fire held on the evening of August 7, to which G. A. R. men only were admitted, there were consumed 1500 pounds of corned beef, 1000 pounds of ham, 900 gallons of coffee, 10,000 sandwiches, 25 dozen beef tongues, 800 loaves of bread, 200 pounds of hard tack, 300 pounds of cheese, 50 gallons of mixed pickles, 450 pounds of sugar and 200 pounds of butter.

The 21st annual session of the National Encampment convened at St. Louis, Mo., September 28, 1887, and elected John P. Rea Commander-in-Chief; Nelson Cole, S. V. C., and John Linehan, J. V. C.

The 22d National Encampment was held at Columbus, Ohio, on September 12th and 13th, 1888. Comrade William Warner, of Missouri, was elected Commander-in-Chief; Moses Neil, of Ohio, Senior Vice Commander, and Joseph Hadfield, of New York, Junior Vice Commander.

The 23d annual session convened at Milwaukee, Wis., August 27, 1889, and selected Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit, Mich., as Commander-in-Chief; A. G. Weissert, of Milwaukee, Wis., as Senior Vice, and John F. Lovett, of Trenton, N. J., as Junior Vice Commander.

The Twenty-fourth National Encampment was held at Boston, Mass., August 13th and 14th, 1890. Comrade Wheelock G. Veesey, of Vermont, was elected Commander-in-Chief; Richard Tobin, of Massachusetts, Senior Vice Commander, and George P. Creamer, of Maryland, Junior Vice Commander.

The Twenty-fifth National Encampment convened in Detroit, Michigan, August 5th and 6th, 1891. Comrade John Palmer, of Albany, N. Y., was chosen as Commander-in-Chief; Henry M. Duffield, of Michigan, Senior Vice Commander, and T. S. Clarkson, of Nebraska, Junior Vice Commander.

The Twenty-sixth National Encampment will be held in Washington, D. C., in August, 1892.

The total number of members in good standing, June 30, 1891, was . . 444,307

The number of deaths for year ending June 30, 1891, 5,530

The amount expended for relief during year ending June 30, 1891, . \$333,699.85

The amount expended for relief from July 1, 1871, to June 30, 1891, \$2,231,234.40

The progress of the past ten years is shown by the following table :

1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891
106,096	178,811	256,658	275,623	299,891	336,540	361,662	413,686	427,981	444,307

CURTIN AND STANTON.

On the files of the War Department, ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, says, are two rather spicy dispatches, one addressed to him by Secretary Stanton, and the other his reply.

It was late in the war, probably in the Spring of 1864, that Governor Curtin went to Washington to see the Secretary of War, and, after giving him a harrowing description of the condition of Federal prisoners in Andersonville, he appealed to him to save them.

Mr. Stanton said he did not see how he could do anything. "Why," said the Governor of Pennsylvania. "we have thousands of Confederate prisoners; let there be an exchange." With some heat, the Secretary asked if he meant to propose that we should take back a lot of diseased and enfeebled men, who could not return to the ranks, and give the Confederates an equal number of healthy and well-fed men, who could at once recruit their armies.

Governor Curtin said that was exactly what he was after. "Well, sir," said Stanton, "a man who professes to be loyal to the Government ought to be ashamed to make such a treasonable suggestion." Curtin is an irascible gentleman, and he left in a choleric condition.

Immediately after he got home, he received from the Secretary a dispatch about as follows: "In the interests of loyalty to the Government and the speedy suppression of the rebellion, you should resign at once, and retire to private life, which you never should have left." Curtin replied to the Secretary: "In the interest of humanity, you should die and go to the devil, where you ought to have gone long ago." This shows how courteous great men sometimes are.

JOHN W. JANUARY.

The Claim that He Cut Off His Own Feet Denied.

THE TRUE STORY OF THEIR AMPUTATION.

*By George E. Reed, late private Co. A, 95th Pa. Vols., and Chief Nurse
at Gangrene Hospital, Florence Prison Pen, during winter of 1864-5.*

I was captured at the Bloody Angle, in front of Spottsylvania, on the 12th day of May, 1864, and was taken with others of my regiment and brigade to Andersonville, arriving at the latter place on the 28th of May. The pen at that time was an enclosure of about eleven acres and contained 27,500 prisoners; shortly before my transfer it was increased in size by the addition of nine acres. On August 16th, a threatened raid from Sherman's Army, then in front of Atlanta, caused the Confederate authorities to remove all the able-bodied men from the stockade and send them further south, and a number, including myself, were taken to Cahawba, Ala., where we remained fourteen days, when another scare resulted in our being shipped to Charleston, where we were placed in the fair grounds. Admiral Dahlgreen, in charge of the Union fleet in the harbor, had noticed our arrival, and misjudging us for a Confederate regiment going into camp, opened up with hundred pound shells, which he could land in the fair grounds at every shot. Our stay in this locality was brief, possibly a few hours, when by order of Gen. Eckles, the Confederate Commander of the forces around Charleston, we were placed in that part of the city known as Shelltown, remaining there the balance of the day and the following night. We built fires on the suburbs of the town, and tried to attract the fire from Dahlgreen's guns, but without avail, as the tower of St. Michael's church appeared to be the concentrating point of fire for the guns of the Union fleet. That night a Confederate deserted to Admiral Dahlgreen and informed him that he had been shelling about two hundred and fifty Union prisoners, who were placed in that position with the belief that their presence would prevent any further shelling of the city. A person did not require a watch to give him the time, as every fifteen minutes a shell was hurled at the city, and all that was required was a given hour for a start and you could calculate your own time. The following morning about ten o'clock, a flag of truce boat came up to the city from Dahlgreen's fleet and gave the information that a Confederate had deserted, and informed the Admiral in command of the fact that he had been shelling two hundred and fifty Union prisoners who were confined in Shelltown by order of General Eckles. Dahlgreen demanded the immediate removal of the men, and in the event of a refusal to comply with the request in a very short and specified time, he (Dahlgreen) would place what Confederate prisoners were in his custody on the outside of the turrets of the monitors and steam up to Fort Sumter. This had the desired effect, and we were at once driven out of Shelltown, and proceeded to the depot, where we were placed upon cars and taken to Florence, where again was experienced the familiar hardships of Andersonville.

The fall and winter of 1864-5 was the coldest that had been experienced in South Carolina since 1856-7. Every night ice was formed varying in thickness from a quarter to five-eighths of an inch, and as the prisoners were very scantily clothed they suffered greatly from the bitter blasts of the winter, and in many instances men would wander around the stockade all night, and on the following day try and get some sleep under the warm rays of the sun.

As a consequence of being illy fed and poorly clad, a large number suffered from dropsical affections. Large numbers had their feet frozen, as the pulsations from the heart would not permit of the circulation of blood below the ankles. This, in connection with the filth of the pen, superinduced gangrene, and hundreds of cases of this disease were scattered throughout the stockade. When a man became so diseased he could not stand he was then removed to the gangrene hospital. God forbid the name! It was a shed about eighty or eighty-five feet long, and thirty wide, without sides or ends, and no means of giving any warmth to the patients except by building log fires in the end or side from which the wind came, and that was all the warmth they would receive; not one in ten had a blanket or semblance of one, although our Sanitary Commission sent thousands to Florence to be distributed among the Union prisoners. The distribution was made in this way: as the detachments were called they would fall in and then draw from one hundred tickets (ninety-nine being blanks) one blanket. I was so fortunate as to be one of six who had a hole in the ground, and one of our number, a man by the name of Hicks, belonging to Co. G, 65th N. Y. Vols., drew the prize, but before it was given him he was compelled to swear on the honor of a man that he did not own a coat or a blanket, and that none of the comrades in his mess were any better off in this respect than himself.

On November 16th, I was detailed as a nurse in the gangrene hospital and went outside the pen. In December a large number of prisoners were paroled and marched within twenty yards of our hospital, and we could have walked off along with them, but our feelings for our fellow-suffering companions forbid any such undertaking, as in particular, some of these men who were utterly helpless, had made many sacrifices in the attempt to liberate the prisoners confined in Andersonville.

The men who acted with me in the capacity of nurses in the gangrene hospital, were Joseph Golden, first sergeant Co. G, 65th N. Y. Vols., whereabouts at present unknown; Henry Weston Brown, Co. G, 65th N. Y. Vols., at present engaged in the drug and stationery business at Lincoln, Neb.; Valentine Myers, 116th Illinois Vols., now residing at Bradley's Station, Tazewell county, Ills.; William Comstock, a teamster, captured by Moseby, whose residence was 56 Sand street, Brooklyn, N. Y., present whereabouts unknown; John Welty, principal musician, 114th Ohio Vols., who did reside at Hayesville, Ashland county, Ohio; and myself (Geo. E. Reed, Co. A, 95th Pa. Vols.)

On or about January 4th, 1865, John W. January, a young man of 19 years, and a corporal of Co. B, 14th Illinois Cavalry, who was on Stoneman's raid to liberate the prisoners confined in Andersonville, and was captured near Macon, Ga., on August 28th, 1864, was brought to the hospital. It was in the evening, and on account of the rapidly approaching darkness it was impossible to distinguish his color, and I applied the question to him as to his color, and he replied "I am a white man." I asked him where he was captured and he told me at the city of Macon, that he was along with Stoneman on the raid to liberate the prisoners confined at Andersonville. I looked at him carefully and then said that if there was anything I could do to better his condition, I would cheerfully and willingly assist him, as I viewed him in the light of one who had made a terrible sacrifice in an attempt to alleviate the suffer-

ing and miseries of myself and others who had, through the misfortunes of war, been placed in their then miserable condition. I immediately placed him in a half beef barrel and with ice-cold water washed him as well as I could, and then directed some of the other men to pull some tops from scrub-pine brush close at hand and make him a bed. After he was placed on the improvised bed, I took a portion of my own clothing from my body and placed it on him, and endeavored to make him as comfortable as possible. In the morning I sat upon the side of his bed and had him tell me all the circumstances connected with his capture. After hearing his statement, I solemnly swore that I would sacrifice everything to have him live and rejoin his family at home.

The majority of deaths in the Southern pens were superinduced by the drinking of water in large quantities, and every man who had gangrene had a fever, and a terrible craving for water was natural. The continual cry was: "Brown," "Golden," "Reed," "Myers," "just give me a quart of water; I don't care if I die the next minute. I will exonerate you from any blame."

In my conversation with January I asked him whether he wanted to live, and he made an affirmative reply, with the tears coursing down his cheeks. I answered him with "all right; but remember, one-half pint of water shall be your allowance for a day."

There was no improvement in his condition simply because Dr. Flood (the Confederate Surgeon in charge) would not or could not prescribe any remedies to alleviate his sufferings, and daily he would cast up to me that I knew they (the Confederates) had a very scanty supply of medicines for their own men, and we, as Union prisoners and sworn enemies, could not expect much. This Dr. Flood would come to the hospital accompanied by from three to five medical students, and would say "place this man on the operating table, we are going to amputate his limbs." The majority of the men had the gangrene in their feet, and it would extend to about five inches above the anklejoint, where a line of demarkation, encircling their limbs, was visible, as the pulsations of the heart would not force the blood below that point. I knew that the gangrene would eat its way and the flesh would slough off to this point. When one of the patients would be placed on the table by the doctor and students, they would amputate the limb about eight inches above the knee, so as to show the students how to take up the femoral artery. After the operation was performed, what little blood was in the unfortunate man would ooze out, and he would be taken from the table dead. I objected to this mode of treatment, and in language more forcible than polite, said no more limbs should be taken off by them; and if such a course was necessary the nurses would take them off, and be responsible to their friends in the north, to their government, and to their God, for the result. The doctor exclaimed that we had no instruments, and pooh-poohed at the idea, but we assumed the task. Our first patient was John W. January. He was informed that his right foot would be taken off, and this caused him to get very much excited, and he asked me if I would go to Florence and bring a minister who would pray with him before the amputation was performed. I asked him what faith he preferred, and he informed me he was a Campbellite, a sect very strong in the locality where he resided. I immediately started for Florence, and returned with a Rev. Dr. Allen, an Episcopal clergyman. Coming from Florence over to the hospital our conversation was general, and I did not inform him that I was a Union prisoner, and what threw him off his guard was by reason of me having on a gray uniform which I got from the Confederate small-pox hospital. When we arrived at the shed he asked me where the man was who wished spiritual consolation. The surroundings at once created an impression on his mind that he had

been fooled by my appearance and he would offer up a prayer for a supposed dying Union soldier. I led him under the shed, and going to January's bunk introduced him, whereupon he asked if he was a Christian and receiving an affirmative answer, asked if he should pray with him, and being answered in the affirmative, both the preacher and myself kneeled down at the side of the bunk, and he made a very short prayer. After he had arose he shook hands with January, and the latter asked him if he would come again to-morrow, and the Rev. Dr. said he would certainly do so, and at the same time telling an almost dying man (at this time weighing about thirty-five pounds) a willful lie—as he never came. I then began to get together what instruments I could for the object in view, and they consisted of a brick-bat, an old knife and a pair of scissors with one tyne broke half off. After everything was in readiness for the operation, January became excited and said he would die, and then he requested me to write his will, and after disposing of a horse and some minor articles, I remarked to him that he had forgotten to bequeath anything to his mother, when he exclaimed "Give her my undying love." Shortly after he became calm again, and I commenced the task of amputating his right foot, assisted by Wm. Comstock, and our instruments not being in first-class condition we were obliged to take turn about in cutting. To cut the large sinews that run down to the heel was a very difficult and perplexing operation to perform, as in the event of either of us cutting or scratching ourselves, we would certainly be inoculated with gangrene; and with all my care during my service in the hospital I did have it in the forefinger of my right hand. After the foot was amputated we showed it to him and told him it was sheer nonsense for him to think of such a thing as his feet ever being of any service to him. After performing the operation we waited two days so as to demonstrate to the other patients that it would not terminate fatally, and all apparently took courage. The next operation was performed on a man named Egle, who had been vaccinated with gangrene at Andersonville, as it was a common occurrence for a lot of armed guards to surround the men in the pen, accompanied by a doctor, when they would state that the small-pox had broken out among the troops guarding the prisoners, and it was necessary they should be vaccinated. As for myself, I invariably had a rag tied around my arm, and was corralled several times by these parties, but upon their seeing my bandaged arm, I would be grabbed by the hair or back of the neck and thrown back into the crowd. All the muscles of this man Egle's arm were eaten away, and the disease was eating into the arm-pit, so as to make an amputation a very difficult and almost fatal operation; however, we took the arm off at the shoulder joint and he died in twenty hours. Going back again to John W. January, two days after, his left foot was taken off; *and both of his feet were buried side by side within six feet of where he lay*, between the outside of the shed and the breastworks on the south side of the hospital. After the second foot had been taken off he began to improve, and I must say that we used the utmost care with him, so as to make a success of our undertaking on one who sacrificed so much for us.

The will mentioned above I transmitted to his family in Illinois some years after. I had mislaid this instrument of writing, and when I came across it I sent it to his mother, who informed me that he was alive and doing well, which I was very much surprised to hear. I was driven away from Florence on the evening of March 28, 1865, by order of the Quartermaster, Captain Duncan; leaving January there in charge of Myers.

John W. January has been in Harrisburg as my guest on two occasions, and admitted to my family and friends that the amputation of his feet was made by me

under the circumstances as above related, and why he has during the past two years, on several occasions, utterly ignored me in the matter, I am unable to understand. From information in my possession, which I am confident is truthful, he has stated before large audiences, that he cut off his own feet, and on account of his continuing to utter such statements, I have been compelled, for my own protection, to publish this brief statement of facts.

Some years after the war closed he entered the lecture field and traveled throughout the western States, telling of his prison life. On his first bills, one of which is in my possession, he mentions among other things: "On the sick list." "In the hospital." "Gangrene." "*Devotion of a Comrade.*"

The first knowledge I had of John W. January's utterly discountenancing me in this matter, was in an article published in February, 1888, as a Washington special to the *New York Morning Journal*, as follows:

"CUT OFF HIS OWN FEET."

"A Soldier's Story Which is Remarkable if True."

"The most marvelous medical case on record, if his statement be true, is that of J. W. January, Minonk, Ill., who petitioned Congress for an additional pension. He says he is 40 years old, and in the fall of 1862 joined the Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry, being captured in Stoneman's raid in July, 1864.

"He was kept in Andersonville for a while and then removed to Charleston, S. C., where, about February 15, 1865, he was stricken with swamp fever. He proceeds: 'I soon learned from the surgeon, after a hasty examination, that I was a victim of scurvy and gangrene, and I was removed to the gangrene hospital. My feet and ankles above the joints presented a livid, lifeless appearance, and the flesh began to slough off, and the surgeon, with a brutal oath, said I would soon die. But I was determined to live and begged him to cut my feet off, telling him if he would that I could live.

"He still refused, and believing that my life depended on the removal of my feet, I secured an old pocket-knife (I have it now in my possession), and, cutting through the decaying flesh and severing the tendons, the feet were soon unjointed, leaving the bones protruding without a covering of flesh for five inches.

"At the close of the war I was taken by the rebels to our lines at Wilmington, N. C., in April, 1865, and when weighed learned that I had been reduced from 165 pounds (my weight when captured) to forty-five pounds.

"Every one of the Union surgeons who saw me then said I could not live, but contrary to this belief, I did, and improved. Six weeks after being released, while on a boat en route to New York, the bones of my right limb broke off at the end of the flesh. Six weeks later, while in the hospital on David's Island, those of my left became necrosed and broke off similarly.

"One year after my release I was just able to sit up and was discharged. Twelve years after my release my limbs had healed over and strange to relate, no amputation had ever been performed upon them, save the one I had performed in prison. There is no record of any case in the world similar to mine. My family consists of my aged parents, my wife, three sons and three daughters."

After reading the above I wrote to January and demanded an explanation of the article, and received the following reply:

"DEAR COMRADE:—

"MINONK, ILLS., FEB. 20, 1888.

* * * * *

"I am very sorry that the matter referred to has done you an injury, and will try and explain how it came about. Many

years since the press, in referring to me, called me the Hero of Andersonville, and credited me with having cut off my own feet at that place. I took the pains to dispute this or to set them right, both by voice and press, and when I began to lecture I always gave a true history of the occurrence, referring to you as the one who saved my life, and cut the feet off, and yet when I would get through some fellow would introduce me to people as the man who cut off his own feet in Andersonville, and the more I denied it the more people would say that it was a fact that I did it. Then some ex-prisoners began to tell that they saw me do it and would swear to it, this went the round of the press and to-day it is no uncommon thing to hear an ex-prisoner tell that he saw me cut them off. After I had been lecturing some time I got a friend in Chicago, an ex-prisoner, to get up a form of bill for me as I lacked experience, and he had been in the show business. I outlined what I wanted and he got up the form and had them printed, and you could not have been more surprised than I when I saw them and read "he cut off his own feet." I had never intimated such a thing to him. I used the bills, telling each night how it actually occurred, but the idea was and had been so firmly fixed in the minds of the people that denial was useless, and one man, who was giving lectures before G. A. R. Posts told how I cut the feet off above the diseased flesh and seared the arteries with a red hot iron to stop the flow of blood, and other men told as absurd stories, and still I went around over the country denying, but public belief was too much for me and at last I stopped denying it and so in one sense of the word I became a party to the deception, but not until I had grown tired of denying it. Last fall, without my knowledge, some of my friends in this State put their heads together and made an application in my behalf for an increase of pension, and it seems from an article I had written, and it had been printed, they got up, by using their imagination to some extent, the petition which they forwarded with the application and some of my photos, and only sent the petition, as it is called, for the purpose of impressing my disability upon the mind of the Senator to whom they had written, and as they have since informed me, did not expect it would be published. The first intimation I had of the move was a copy of the bill which some one in Washington had sent me; so you see that I really had nothing to do in the matter, but of course the impression of all, except a very few, is, that I had all to do about it. The friends who made the move in the matter, of course, did what has been done from the best of motives. Now, many people will ask me when I got back from Washington, and when I tell them I never was in the place, they will look incredulous, and say, "why I see by the papers you were down in the interest of your bill." I hear every once in awhile from some fellow, that Myers (Val.) says he cut my feet off, so you see how it goes. No, God knows I do not want to do you an injustice or any thing to injure you in any way, and do not intend to, and if you need anything more to vindicate you or to set you right let me know and I will furnish it. But surely in your own town you need nothing of the kind. I told repeatedly, to different ones in Harrisburg, just how the whole thing occurred and did not forget to give you the full mead of praise to all with whom I talked. As for removing the existing impressions from the minds of the people I think it useless for me to try any more than I have already done. Hoping that what I have written will help to place the matter right with you, I am as ever in

F. C. and L.,

J. W. JANUARY.

Some ten months after receiving the above letter, I am again confronted with a circular in which is stated: "This celebrated War Veteran and wonderful survivor of Andersonville Prison, was captured on Stoneman's Raid, in July, 1864, was taken to Andersonville, and from there to Florence; while in prison there he actually cut off his own feet with an old pocket knife, which he still has in his possession, and will exhibit to the audience in the course of his lecture. Upon recovering from an attack of "Swamp" Fever, he discovered that his feet and ankles were suffering from scurvy and gangrene. The flesh began to slough off. He was removed to the gangrene hospital, where, after a hasty examination, the surgeon told him he would soon die. But he begged the surgeon to cut off his feet, telling him that if he would do so he knew he could live. He still refused, and believing that his life depended on the removal of his feet, and being determined to live at all hazards, he began to cast about for some means by which he might accomplish his object. Fortune favored him, as he managed to obtain possession of an old broken-bladed pocket-knife, with which he succeeded in amputating his own feet. A surgical operation that stands without a parallel in the world in the annals of surgery. When released from prison, Mr. January weighed forty-five pounds. He now weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and to see him walking down the street, very few people would surmise from his appearance that he wore a pair of wooden legs."

In the same circular we find this statement, purporting to come from one Dr. W. H. Bradley, who was a surgeon in the army, and who says: "he was personally acquainted with the circumstances attending the amputation of Mr. January's feet, and by some means secured possession of them afterwards, preserved them in alcohol, and presented them to The Historical Association of Wilkes-Barre, where they are now on exhibition. A short time ago Mr. January's address was published in the *Philadelphia Press*, and Dr. Bradley happening to notice it instantly remembered the name as the one on the label of the jars containing the amputated feet, and wrote to Mr. January to know if he was the man who amputated his own feet at Florence, adding that "according to all know rules of medical science" that boy ought to have been dead twenty years ago. Mr. January soon convinced him that he was the identical man, and there is no doubt that, after twenty years, he has found his long-lost feet. Mr. January gives an interesting and detailed account of the occurrence in his lecture."

I have made mention of the disposition of the amputated feet, and could locate the spot where they were buried, and believe they were never disturbed, for the reason that no Union surgeons were present, and the nurses and patients had other thoughts and other matters to think of, than the preservation of the feet of their fellow sufferers.

Mr. January states in his circular, printed above, that at the time of his capture he weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and when the amputation was made but forty-five pounds. Can you believe that a man so reduced in weight, and as a natural consequence, in strength and ability to help himself, could have performed the operation. Ask any one who has ever been so reduced by sickness, whether they could have performed such an act. The universal answer would be "No."

Henry Weston Brown, one of the nurses mentioned, writes me under date of March 12, 1889, from Lincoln Neb., where he is engaged in the Drug business, a letter from which I extract the following bearing on the case: * * * * *

"I remember the circumstances of your cutting off the feet of the man January. The event is very distinct in my memory. I have heard of this man but never for a moment thought it might be one whom I had known. * * * * *

The claim of this man January, or his acquiescence in the claim made for him, is of course, a fraud, and if people would reflect upon the matter at all, they must necessarily conclude that if such things were true, the attendants must have been grossly culpable; and if it should ever become necessary for us to meet any such charge, I am certain we could do it with a clear conscience. I think, considering our own physical condition, and the means at hand for doing with, we discharged our duty faithfully and well. * * * * *

The following is taken from a letter received from Calvin Bates, residing at Manchester, N. H., dated February 11, 1889. * * * * *

"After I was taken to the gangrene hospital there was quite a noise up to my left from a boy called January, that wanted his feet cut off so he could live; whether he was in before I was or was brought in that day I do not know, but there was lots of noise in him, or came out of him, until one foot was taken off, and it was not many days before the other was taken off. There were two beds between his and mine. The name that stays with me is Reed. And in connection with the amputation of the feet it was done there, and Comrade Reed was the one that done it."

Reader, I have given you the above statement of facts merely for the purpose of placing myself in a right light before the public, and especially in the territory through which January has traveled and where his friends live, and leave you to judge as to whether or not the grievance is one which could have been passed by unnoticed.

I desire to add another incident of my life at Florence:

Geo. B. Buzzee, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, who had just reached his eighteenth year, entered the army May 28th, 1861, as drummer of Company G, First New Jersey Volunteers. He passed safely through the marches and battles, beginning at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, until the battle in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, when he was taken prisoner, with many of his comrades, and hurriedly carried to the rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., where he was kept until the 12th of the following September, at which time he was taken to Florence, S. C., and from which he, along with many more, on the 17th of September, escaped, for the purpose of getting back to the Union lines. After traveling several days and nights through the woods and swamps of that region, his feet became extremely sore and his strength so greatly exhausted that he gave himself up to a rebel farmer, and was returned to his miserable captivity. The poisonous briars and mud of the swamps caused gangrene in his feet, which was soon followed by dumb palsy, and chronic bronchitis, and the combined effects, with the bad treatment received from the rebel prison keepers, soon ended his life.

He was brought to the gangrene hospital, being almost helpless at the time of his arrival there. On the evening of December 10, 1864, it was bitter cold, we were sitting around our log fire, he attracted my attention by making a motion that he wanted to be carried to the fire to get warm. I immediately went to him, and picking him up, started for the fire at the end of the shed, and was in the act of sitting down on a log, that we used as a seat, when he gave a faint shudder, and stretched himself out dead in my arms. Although this bereavement in some respects was peculiarly sad, the boy being an only son, captured within less than a month of the expiration of his term of service, and daily expecting to go home with his company, the sadness which the relatives and friends would otherwise have felt, was to a great degree lightened, if not entirely removed, by the fact that his death was peaceful and full of hope—his last words were "tell mother I die happy."

Respectfully yours,

GEO. E. REED, 302 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.



THEY PUT OUR FLAG IN HEAVEN.

'Tis said the path to Heaven's gate
Is very narrow and perfectly straight,
And all the pilgrims who enter in
Must first divest themselves of every sin.
Now this may be true, but suppose the One
Who judges the deeds each mortal has done,
Takes in all the surroundings that have our nature's bent,
And overlooks some of the deeds to get at the intent?
For many boys who helped put our Flag in Heaven
Died without having one sin forgiven.
Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
And you'll all say my question is fair—
Shall an old Volunteer, who fought three or four year
In putting our Flag up there,
Though imperfect himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
While one who did nothing, gets there?

There was one in a charge—shot through the head!
His comrades rush on—they leave him for dead;
But after the fight, as they bear him away,
As his eyes close in death, this they hear him say
(As his arms fall all pulseless down at his side):
“Say, boys, did you lick 'em? confound 'em!” —then died.
Now, his neighbor, a deacon, staid at home and did well,
For he doubled his money on all he could sell.
He prayed that our country by peace might be blessed,
But he charged the war widows as much as the rest.
Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
And you'll say this question is fair—
Shall an old Volunteer, who fought three or four year
In putting our banner up there,
Though a sinner himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
While the deacon's old carcass gets there?

There are many crumbs falling from Uncle Sam's table,
And every last man gets all he is able.
Now, this is all right, but here is the thing,
Shall these crumbs be passed 'round by a political ring?
Politicians think most old soldiers fools,
So the best of crumbs are given to tools.
They expect us to stick like an old army louse,
And promise us the very best seat in the house.
Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
And you'll admit that my question is fair—
Shall an old Volunteer, who fought without fear,
In putting our Flag up there,
Though no politician himself, be laid on the shelf,
While the gang and their tools all get there?

And in this, the self-boasting land of the brave,
 This land that all you old comrades help save,
 When the days were the darkest, with a love most intense
 Politicians paid you monthly, five dollars and sixty-five cents.
 Now, when was this done? perhaps you have wondered,
 'Twas when greenbacks were worth thirty some cents per hundred.
 With same money bondholders bought bonds at their face,
 And were repaid in coin, to the nation's disgrace.
 Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
 And you'll say this question is fair—
 Shall an old Volunteer, who stood up without fear
 In putting our banner up there,
 Though a pauper himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
 While the bloated bondholder gets there.

But there is one thought that almost makes amends :
 'Tis the thought that the ladies are ever our friends ;
 And they'll be our true friends 'till the last of us die,
 For they love with a love that no bondholder can buy.
 To every last woman I have this to say,
 If you are loved by an old soldier don't turn him away ;
 But accept of his offer, don't treat him rude,
 Nor cast him aside just to capture a dude.
 Now what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
 And you'll all say this question is fair—
 Shall an old Volunteer, who staid there three or four year
 In putting our Banner up there,
 Though not young himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
 While the dude in tight breeches gets there?

—Geo. B. Fleming, in the *Ft. Wayne (Ind.) Daily Journal*

A CONFEDERATE INCIDENT.

When things were hot around Atlanta, Captain Evan Howell received an order to reconnoiter across the Chattahoochee river and ascertain if the Federal troops had retired. The night was black as ink. He read the order to his men, but was surprised to find them all disqualified for the risky job. One couldn't swim, another had rheumatism, still another always took cramps in the water, and so it went down the line. But the order had to be obeyed. So Howell plunged into the river and made for the other side. He was a remarkably good swimmer, and felt sure he was making no noise, yet he became so frightened, that each stroke seemed to arouse the whole Federal camp. Now and then a lightning bug appeared, and, confident it was the flash of a Yankee musket, he ducked under water. By-and-by he got so near the shore that he could wade, and was creeping along as cautiously as possible, his teeth chattering with fear, when all of a sudden he struck against an old tree that had fallen into the river. Just then a bull-frog gave a sonorous blurt and jumped into the river. Unable to restrain his self-possession longer, Howell threw up both hands and yelled in terror : "I surrender, I surrender." When he finally reached the camp not a Yankee could be seen, but a smoldering fire gave evidence that they had recently decamped.

A party of Georgia gentlemen were discussing the high prices in the South during the latter part of the civil war. "I paid \$40 a yard for a suit of gray cotton jeans," said the first speaker ; "the suit of clothes cost me \$600 after being cut and made." "The biggest trade I ever made," said another, "was \$30 for a spool of cotton thread." "And I," said the third one, "paid \$15 for a slave."

A SOLDIER'S BIBLE, ALMANAC AND COMMON PRAYER BOOK.

A private soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before a magistrate for playing cards during divine service. It appears that a sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had Bibles took them out, but the soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer book; but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them before him. He just looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said, "Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over the constable took Richard before the mayor. "Well," says the mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?" "For playing cards in church." "Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much, sir; I hope." "Very good. If not, I will punish you more than man was ever punished." "I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible or common prayer book, I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I'll satisfy your honor of the purity of my intentions." And spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace: "When I see the ace, it reminds me there is but one God; when I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see the tray, it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the four spot it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I meet the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps—there were ten but five were wise and five were foolish and were shut out. When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day he rested from the great work he had created and hallowed it. When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, with three sons and their wives. When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Savior; there were nine out of ten who never returned thanks. When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tablets of stone. When I see the king it reminds me of the King of heaven which is God Almighty. When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man; she brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so King Solomon decided by that. "Well," said the mayor, "you have given a good description of all the cards but one." "What is that?" "The knave," said the mayor. "I will give your honor a description of that too if you will not be angry?" "I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave." "Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here." "I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool." "When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are fifty-two, the number of weeks I find in a year, and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and, on counting the tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac and Common Prayer Book."

LET 'EM WAVE.

The following hit on an old captain in Connecticut is too good to be lost, so we give it to our readers:

An old veteran, rather grim and gray,
 Scolded his buxom wife one day,
 Because some things that babies wear,
 Were swinging in the front yard air.
 He said he thought the better place
 Was in the shady back yard space,
 Since garments of that make and kind,
 Had best be always kept behind.
 She only smiled to be thus blamed,
 And asked him why he was ashamed
 To see the Patriot's loving sign
 Hang gracefully from their own clothes line.
 "How Patriot's, madam," cried the man;
 "Really, I do not understand?"
 "Ha! ha!" laughed the wife,
 Her face free from care,
 "That's the Flag of our UNION
 Waving there!"

P. S.—Then they kissed and made up and the captain said: "Let 'em wave."

A queer relic is a Confederate musket, in the barrel of which two bullets met, splitting the barrel open like a banana-peel. The bullets can be seen. The rebel bullet had got about one-third of the way out, when it met the prying Yankee bullet on its way in, and then there was trouble at once. Of course the Yankee bullet had no business there, or at least it should have waited until the other got out.

General Buckner says:

One of my pickets and a Federal picket were on posts where a stream was between them. At that time the soldiers of the Confederacy resembled Jack Falstaff's soldiers in their march through the country. The Federal picket halloed over, saying: "Hello! Johnnie; you fellows fight pretty well in those clothes, don't you?"

"Fight ———; just wait till you see us naked."

Victor Hugo's work, the *Les Miserables*, got into the Confederacy. It was printed on all kinds of paper, largely wall paper. It circulated among the troops, who, when Longstreet's corps reinforced us from the army of Northern Virginia, got nicknamed "Lee's *Miserables*."

There was a funny scene on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. A captured Confederate Colonel was sitting comfortably sheltered behind a rock laughing, till the tears rolled down his cheeks, while a private of the 88th and one of the 69th New York had dropped their muskets and were hammering each other with their fists in order to decide which took the prisoner. Lieutenant Chas. M. Grainger, of the 88th, on his way to the rear with a shattered elbow escorted the Colonel away.

INGERSOLL IN THE ARMY.

"An interesting instance in war history was developed in the pension office the other day," said an Illinois veteran this morning, "and it is a bit from the annals of Colonel Ingersoll's command. While his regiment was bivouacked at the fair ground at Peoria, covering several days, the weather became intensely cold. The condition of the public feeling at that time, together with the desire of the Colonel to give the boys some discipline, led him to throw out all the safeguards of camp, and guards were put on duty. It was very disagreeable, and the Colonel said it was a pity to keep the poor fellows on picket where there was no danger.

"It was just before the command moved South that the commander was married. The weather was as disagreeable as one could imagine—snow, ice and cutting winds. Nevertheless the guards were on duty, just the same as they were where the fighting was expected. All of the arrangements for the marriage of the commander were made, when he rode out to the fair grounds to see the boys. Riding around the lines he discovered the pickets shivering, and his sympathies were thoroughly aroused. Finally he was halted by one poor fellow.

" 'Colonel,' said he, 'I am about to freeze. You must give me a bottle of whiskey and an overcoat or relieve me, or you will move with one less private.'

" 'You shall have all three,' replied the Colonel, and, suiting his words with action, he pulled off his overcoat, and as he handed it to the guard said:

" 'There, take that overcoat. In the inside pocket you will find a bottle of whiskey. Now, you are relieved from this duty. I won't have any picket duty such a day as this.'

"And the Colonel rode off to the city. It was discovered afterward that the overcoat he gave to the soldier was the one made with his wedding suit. Well, the man served through the war with Colonel Ingersoll, and emerged with impaired health. He has rheumatism, which he declares was contracted while on guard duty that day, when he was almost frozen. He recently applied for a pension and told this story in his proof of disability contracted in the service.

"Colonel Ingersoll never believed in discipline," continued the veteran, "and I may add he never had any discipline in his command. I was with him, and if there was one thing he despised more than another it was what he called 'show business'—the routine work intended to discipline. He believed that his command ought to make up in bravery what it lacked in discipline when the moment for action came. And I may say he inculcated much of that feeling in his men. He used to preach to them that it made no difference when a man died, or how he died, and seemed to want the men to be in a mood of recklessness all the time—not in a mood to throw away life, but to stand up and imperil it to win a battle.

"The Colonel had one trait of character which endeared him to every man under him. It was that of acquainting himself personally with each one. And he was the arbitrator of many little troubles, personal and impersonal, with the men. He would sit around with the privates, down on the common level, and tell stories and address them by their Christian names, and they all felt that he was their individual friend, which was true, for an insult to one of his men was an insult to him."

A soldier had the pictures of his wife and mother in separate cases in his blouse pocket, and a ball passed through both, and lodged in the inside one, the cases thus saving his life.

INCIDENTS.

Among the wounded who arrived in Louisville, after the battle of Murfreesboro, was Joseph Rock, a private in company B, 23d Kentucky, aged eighteen years, who was in the thickest of the fight. He was shot in the right breast, a minie ball striking the buckle of his suspenders, driving it through a portion of the lungs, and lodging under the skin in his back. The surgeon cut through the skin and took out the ball and buckle, which were fastened together. Besides this, he had three balls to pass through the leg of his pants, and the stock of his gun was shattered while taking aim.

The following is a specimen of the news dealt out to the Southern people. It is from a New Orleans journal: "All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer-boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son." As General Butler had the pleasure of taking possession of New Orleans, the people of that city had an opportunity of testing his "quality."

The 26th North Carolina—Pettigrew's brigade, Heth's division—lost at Gettysburg, 86 killed and 502 wounded, total, 588, not including the missing, of whom there were about 120. In one company, 84 strong, every man and officer was hit, and the orderly sergeant, who made out the list, did it with a bullet through each leg. This is by far the largest regimental loss on either side during the war.

As a regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and "confiscated" a couple of geese and at the suggestion of an ingenious fellow and a natural "bummer," one of the drummers unheaded his instrument and put the captured birds in. Shortly afterward the Colonel came along, and noticing the boy shirked his usual drum whacks, rode up to him and said:

"Why don't you beat that drum?"

"Colonel," said the startled musician, "I want to speak to you."

The Colonel drew still closer to him, and bending down his head said, "Well, what have you to say?"

The drummer whispered: "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here."

The Colonel straightened up and gravely said, "Well, if you're sick and can't play, you needn't," and then rode on.

It is needless to add that the Colonel had roast goose that night.

At Cold Harbor a shell exploded in an Ohio regiment advancing against a battery, and sixteen men were wiped out in an instant. Of these nine were blown to fragments and the others horribly mutilated. The battery was firing thirty to forty shells per minute, and this was the work of a single one. One discharge of grape in the same fight killed fourteen men in a Michigan regiment, and a New York regiment that went in with seven hundred and three men in line came out with two hundred and sixty. On one acre of ground the burial party found over seven hundred dead men. In a bit of woods where the battle lines had clashed, more than two thousand dead were found in a space not wider than a square in a city, and no more than three times as long.

The Weeds of the Army.

BY COMRADE CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, THE POET SCOUT.

Some of the papers tell us that the boys of the G. A. R.
Never smelt powder in battle nor went to the front in the war ;
They brazenly tell us our roster bears only the names of those
Who paused at the roar of conflict and northward pointed their toes.
They say that the true, brave soldiers have never entered our ranks ;
That we never were known to muster but a lot of political cranks.
As one of the papers put it, "we are but the weeds of the crop ;
But loafers and shirkers and cowards, who never heard muskets pop."

Pray, who are these traitorous writers, who are casting their venomous slime
O'er the men who gave *all* to their country, at that trying and terrible time ?
They are the poor, cringing cowards, who never dared go to the front,
And stand with our brave, fearless soldiers and help bear the battle's brunt,
They clung to the skirts of the women, and as soon as our backs we had turned,
Our flag and our cause and our country, the cowardly miscreants spurned.
Go seek them wherever they loiter, from the gulf to the northernmost lakes,
And you'll find them but treacherous, venomous, hideous copperhead snakes.

Let us pause on a shaded corner, and see a procession pass
At a great Grand Army re-union, when the veterans form in mass.
Just note the dismembered bodies, the crutches, and canes and the scars,
That mutely tell the sad story of the bloodiest of wars.
See the tattered flags they are bearing, all riddled with shot and with shell,
The flags they carried undaunted right into the gateway of hell.
See the bodies bent and disabled, made so in the battle's fierce blast—
Are these the weeds of the army at whom these insults are cast ?

Brave Garfield, our honored martyr, wore the badge of the boys in blue,
And Hancock, the mighty soldier, was a comrade, tried and true ;
And Logan, our own loved Logan, undaunted in peace or in war,
Was proud to be called a member in the ranks of the G. A. R. ;
And Grant, that intrepid chieftain, who was honored in every land,
Stood up in the ranks of veterans a comrade noble and grand.
And Sherman, our uncle Billy, God bless his old grizzled head,
Rejoices in being a comrade of the boys he so valiantly led.

Go search o'er the whole broad country for the heroes who fought in the war,
And you'll find on each notable bosom the eagle, and flag, and star ;
'Tis worn as a badge of honor, o'er hearts that were loyal and true,
And is borne by the greatest soldiers who ever the bright sword drew.
Just glance o'er the mighty roster, and pause at each honored name,
And reflect for a passing moment o'er each hero's deathless fame,
Then answer me this one question, if you find it is in your power,
If those are the weeds of the army, in God's name, where is the flower ?

GEORGE E. REED,

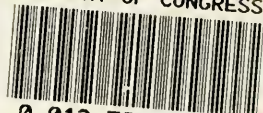
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